

The Listener

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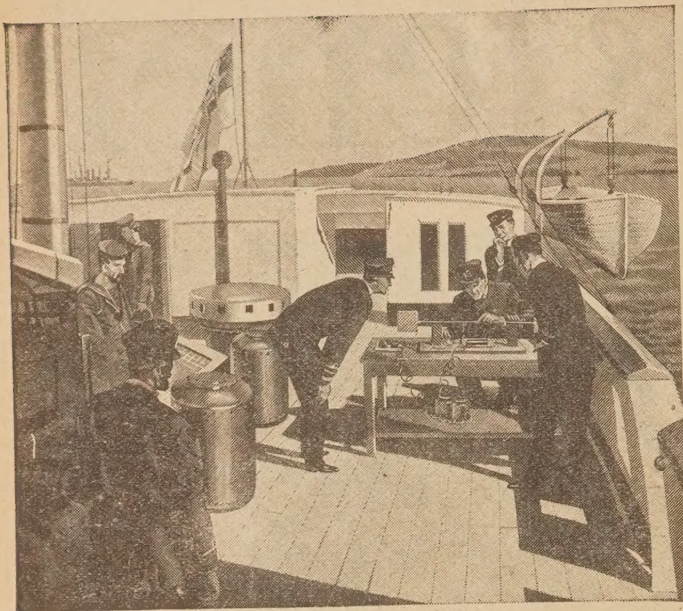
'Boy with Butterfly Net', by Henri Matisse: from the Exhibition of Twentieth Century Masterpieces, on view at the Tate Gallery until August 17

In this number:

What Eisenhower's Nomination Means (Joseph Harsch)

Power from Snowdonia (Colin Wills)

The Continuous Creation of Matter (The Astronomer Royal)



EARLY IN THE 1890's, Commander Henry Bradwardine Jackson — knowing nothing of the work of Marconi — first conceived the idea that torpedo boats might announce their approach to a capital ship by the use of wireless waves. In 1895, in the torpedo-school ship 'Defiance' at Devonport, he began secret experiments on Admiralty instructions. Before the end of the year he had succeeded in transmitting, from one end of the ship, signals of sufficient intensity to ring an electric bell in the receiving circuit at the other. After meeting Marconi, who first visited England the following summer, he went rapidly ahead with the evolution of naval wireless telegraphy, making vital contributions to the development of world communications. The tempo of modern life has certainly quickened since 1895, when Albert E. Reed first developed the production of super-calendered newsprint. In the reclaimed straw paper mill he had acquired the previous year, his first machines produced but six cwt. of paper an hour. Compare with this the six tons an hour reeled off the modern high-speed machines in the great Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group — their continually-expanding production including newsprint, kraft and tissue papers. For to-day the Reed Paper Group with its great resources and technical experience is one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world.

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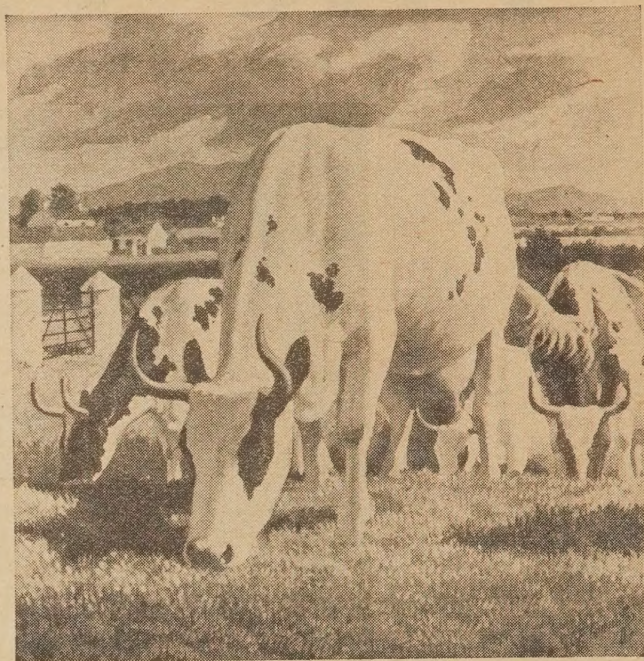
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The effects of these methods were far reaching. The amount of silage made on the farm increased from 85 tons in 1947 to 450 tons in 1950; consumption of bought feeding-stuffs was halved, and the farmer was able to add to the numbers of his dairy herd every year. As a result, milk production rose steadily from 223 gallons per acre in 1946 to 344 gallons per acre in 1951. Dairy farms in many parts of the United Kingdom are now successfully applying similar methods.



CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:				NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK 100			
What Eisenhower's Nomination Means (Joseph Harsch)	83				LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:		
French Communist Tactics (Charles Janson)	85				From Rev. W. P. G. Anderson, Major Lewis Hastings, Robert		
The Future of British Exports (Austen Albu, M.P.)	86				Stelling, D. Malloch Lawson, David Sylvester, Walter Stanners,		
The Vatican and Italian Politics Today (Bernard Wall)	91				Dr. N. A. Mackintosh, and Hubert Foss 102		
Power from Snowdonia (Colin Wills)	93				THEATRE:		
Partnership in Africa—II (Arthur Lewis)	95				Reflections on the Irving-Shaw Controversy (Gordon Craig) ... 107		
THE LISTENER:				Elizabeth Robins as I Knew Her (Dame Sybil Thorndike) ... 108			
World Events	88				ART:		
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	88				The Duveen Era (Herbert Read) 110		
DID YOU HEAR THAT?				THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE 111			
Suffocated by Sand (Johnny Morris)	89				CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:		
Catching Your Margarine (Danny Morrison)	89				Television (Phillip Hope-Wallace) 116		
Ghost City of Brazil (Allan Murray)	90				Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) 117		
Long Service (John Warde)	90				The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) 117		
POEMS:							Broadcast Music (Dyneyley Hussey) 117
Reversibility (David Paul)	96				MUSIC:		
Taliesin 1952 (R. S. Thomas)	96				The Music of Benjamin Frankel (Colin Mason) 118		
Antichrist (Edwin Muir)	99				FOR THE HOUSEWIFE:		
Orpheus Alone (Dwight Smith)	106				Spotlight on a Well Dressed Woman (Phyllis Digby Morton) ... 119		
MISCELLANEOUS:							NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS 119
Portraits from Memory—II. J. M. Keynes and Lytton Strachey					CROSSWORD NO. 1,159 119		
(Bertrand Russell, O.M.)	97						
The Prima Donna of the Oxford Movement (Seán O'Faoláin) ...	105						
SCIENCE:							
The Continuous Creation of Matter (Sir Harold Spencer Jones)	98						

What Eisenhower's Nomination Means

By JOSEPH HARSCH

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER is no longer a general officer in the army of the United States. He has resigned his commission along with a handsome salary and substantial perquisites. He has become plain Mr. Eisenhower, a citizen like anyone else, except for one difference: he is now the chosen candidate of one of the two major political parties in the United States for the office of the Presidency of the United States. He has left the lively scene in Chicago, where the Republican Party made him their candidate last week, and he has sought the comparative seclusion and coolness of Denver, Colorado, to do a little resting and a great deal of homework before he engages in the prodigious amount of travelling and speech-making which Americans expect of those persons who seek high political office in their midst.

The Democrats, who also have some hope that the voters will remember them again favourably at the polls in November, have begun moving in to the same hotels in Chicago which the Republicans used last week. In another week* the Democrats will then converge in the same big hall which the Republicans used, and attempt there to find among themselves a man whom they think can out-talk and out-promise Mr. Eisenhower when the campaign trains begin to roll in September. There is a rising speculation now about what the Democrats will do and what good it will do them. But there will be time enough for that kind of speculation in a week from now. The important task of the moment is to assess the meaning of the event which converted General of the Army Eisenhower into Republican presidential candidate Eisenhower.

I gather from reports returning here from London, Paris and other points east, that the outside world has assessed correctly the

one most important feature of the matter to them. The nomination of Eisenhower rather than of his chief rival, Robert Taft, by the Republicans, has taken foreign policy out of the American election campaign. True, Mr. Eisenhower and his political supporters and associates do not purport to approve every detail of the foreign policies employed by our present President, Mr. Harry Truman, but Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden do not approve of all details of the present American policies either. The differences which exist or have been emphasised between the foreign policies used of Mr. Eisenhower and of Mr. Truman are in fact matters of small detail, not matters of substance. Both of them believe wholly in the doctrine that the issue between the United States and Soviet Russia is not an issue which the United States can sustain or resolve by itself and by its own efforts. Both of them believe that if the issue is to be sustained the United States must be a partner in a grand alliance. Both of them believe that the central purpose of American foreign policy should be to sustain and to strengthen the alliance.

This is a body of belief which is today shared by the winning majority of the Republican Party and by an overwhelming majority of the Democratic Party. It is politically impossible today for the Democrats to nominate a candidate who would not subscribe to these beliefs. Therefore, it is politically impossible for the United States to enter upon any serious argument within itself in the year 1952 on this central issue in foreign policy. It is correctly assumed overseas that so far as foreign policy is concerned it no longer makes much difference whether Republicans or Democrats win the November elections. Whichever wins, American policy must attempt to pursue a policy of sustaining the grand alliance.

But all of that is obvious and on the surface, and it only requires assertion. What is really much more interesting to anyone who wants to be moderately informed about the American scene is the manner in which this came about and the new complexion of the Republican Party which emerged along with the Eisenhower victory over Taft. It may come as something of a surprise to those in Britain when I say that Mr. Eisenhower himself was a minor factor in producing the result, and the personal victory of Mr. Eisenhower was incidental, not primary.

Joshua and Mr. Smith

Back in early June, when General Eisenhower left Europe, there was an assumption on the part of his supporters that he would come home and electrify the country by the force of his personality and of his ideas. It is very clear that no such thing happened. His return was anti-climactic; it was like expecting Joshua and getting Mr. Smith from next door. Ike had been oversold and over-anticipated; he had also, and very plainly, not done his homework on domestic American affairs. What came home was not an omniscient leader bringing the answer to a nation's problem, but a terribly nice, earnest man who believed in the goodness of life in America, in the decency of most of his countrymen, and in the proposition that with a little more unity we can find the answer to our problems. But he did not have the answers with him himself. From the moment of his first set speech, the political movement which had called him home became more important than the man himself. To a considerable extent he became a bystander, and he continued to be a bystander through the moment when he was called to the big Convention held in Chicago to accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency. He has testified to this himself. He left the strategy and the tactics entirely in the competent hands of the men who took the Republican Party away from those other men who have owned and controlled it really for forty years.

One matter which bears upon this and clarifies it is the identity of the other man chosen by the Republicans to be their vice-presidential candidate. He is Richard Nixon, at present a Senator from the State of California. At the Convention Mr. Nixon was not an Eisenhower worker. More than that, the big Californian delegation did not support Eisenhower; it supported California's own Governor, Earl Warren; it voted for its own Governor too. California was part of the coalition in the Republican Party which was bound together by a common interest in taking the party away from Senator Taft and from the radical conservatives who have managed the party since 1912. The issue at Chicago was bigger than Eisenhower; it was whether the Republican Party was to remain the political vehicle of radical conservatism in the United States, or was to regain its pre-1912 character as a coalition of political moderates. The winning strategy at the Convention was not to push Eisenhower forward, but to push the Old Guard of radical conservatives forward and to let the Republican Party have a good long look at the Old Guard. The conservatives fell into the trap without realising until too late what was happening to them. The conservatives loaded the platform with their favourite speakers, with General Douglas MacArthur, with former President Herbert Hoover, with Senator Joseph McCarthy, who inclines to the view that anyone to the left of Mr. Hoover must be a communist.

The conservatives were given free range to try their old tactics and devices, and the more this went on the solidier became the alignment of the party against its own leadership. The Republican Convention was not nearly so much an Eisenhower victory as it was an Old Guard defeat. Eisenhower did not win the Convention; the Old Guard repelled the Convention. When the deed was accomplished, when the Old Guard had exposed itself and discredited itself and had been rejected, then the coalition proceeded to make Eisenhower its candidate, because Eisenhower is a man of moderation, like the members of the coalition. And then the Eisenhower people wisely accepted Mr. Nixon from California as the running mate, because this was a coalition victory, and California, though not for Eisenhower, was allied with Eisenhower against Taft and against the radical conservatives.

Some few observers have seen the events of last week in Chicago as representing the Republican Party donning Mr. Eisenhower as a sort of protective disguise of its own inclinations. Nothing could be farther from the facts. The biggest story at Chicago was not the donning of Eisenhower, but the rout by the new Republican Party of its old board of directors. There is a new Republican Party. It has not appeared prominently in Washington yet, but it did appear at Chicago. It is the party of young men who have emerged in twenty-three States

of the Union as governors and state leaders. The old trustees loaded the speaker's platform with the elders of the party. The new party was truly represented there only once, by a young man no one outside his home State had ever heard of before, a young lawyer who stood up with a book in his hand and read a quotation from a decision of the Supreme Court which blew the foundations out from under the whole case of the Old Guard. He spoke with the modest earnestness of a Mr. Deeds. He, Donald Eastvold, of the State of Washington, unknown, respectfully hesitant in the presence of famous men, spoke with the voice of the new Republican Party, and he swept away all the oratory of the Hoovers, the MacArthurs and the McCarthys.

As the Republican Convention of 1952 recedes into the past, three pictures stand out most clearly, I think, to those who saw it in person and to the millions of others who saw it on television. Incidentally, the television industry, with, perhaps, a touch of self-promotion, estimates that 65,000,000 people did watch it on ground glass. The first of these three pictures is that of General Douglas MacArthur on the opening day, speaking his rolling periods with a fixed, far away expression on his face, which seemed to imply that his words were the words of a revealed gospel and that he was among fellow believers who accepted and concurred in everything he said. The second picture was that of young Mr. Eastvold, who read the law to his elders. The third picture was that of General Eisenhower after his nomination, going to visit his defeated rival, Mr. Taft, going with a tense, strained expression on his face, which may have testified to the difficulty of trying to make peace with the man who had fought him so bitterly, but which might also have been the result of an awed realisation of the enormous fact that the Republican Party had made him and not Mr. Taft or General MacArthur its candidate.

Between the first and the last picture is the story of a rise of new men in the old Republican Party, of young men who make it seem fresh and interesting and up to date with the times. Whether this new Republican Party can yet win a national election is something to be demonstrated in November, but it is clear, I think, that the millions of voters who for several years felt that they had to vote for Democrats in order to protect their gains under the 'New Deal' and to preserve a collective security foreign policy, will this time feel that they can choose safely between two sets of managers of their public affairs. The Republican Party has moved not to the right, but towards the centre; it has reshaped itself to invite, not to repel the support of independent voters who accept most of the policies of the Roosevelt-Truman era, but have lost confidence in the men who are the present executors of those policies. The Republican Party has turned away from the inclination of forty years to make itself a significant party in the continental European pattern. In this case the party is the radical right. The Republican Party has turned instead back into the American tradition of non-significant parties, which offer not a radical difference of policy but a difference of men. It would seem, I think, that the great American civil war over the 'New Deal' is at last over.—*Home Service*

The B.B.C. Quarterly

THE SUMMER NUMBER of *The B.B.C. Quarterly* (Vol. VII, No. 2, price 2s. 6d.) has now been published. Contributors include Bertrand de Jouvenel on 'Broadcasting and Western Civilisation', Giles Romilly on 'Character and Discovery in Radio Features', and John Lehmann on 'A Literary Magazine on the Air: Problems and Findings'. Royston Morley, Television Drama Producer, who is also in charge of television training, writes on 'Television and the Grand Style', Robert Henriques on 'Writing for Television: A Novelist's Problem', and W. A. Belson, of the B.B.C. Audience Research Department, discusses "Topic for Tonight": A Study of Comprehensibility'. Augustin Frigon, Director of Planning in the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, describes 'The Radio Canada Building in Montreal'. In the technical section, T. W. Bennington and L. J. Prechner, of the B.B.C. Engineering Division, write on 'The B.B.C. Ionospheric Storm Warning System', and S. D. Berry, of the Designs Department of the Engineering Division, describes 'New Equipment for Outside Broadcasts'. *The B.B.C. Quarterly* may be obtained from newsgagents or from the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

French Communist Tactics

By CHARLES JANSON

AT the end of May the French Communist Party staged a demonstration in Paris against General Ridgway, the newly arrived Commander-in-Chief of Allied Forces in Europe. At half past six in the evening in several parts of the city simultaneously gangs of young men, some of them North Africans, came out of the underground stations armed with iron bars, spiked stakes and so on. The police, very thick on the ground, were ready for the demonstration—it had been openly called for by the Communist press. A bloody battle followed in which one rioter was killed, some hundreds on both sides wounded, and 150 Communists arrested including M. Jacques Duclos, the party's acting secretary-general. Duclos was discovered in a car with a short-wave receiving set, his wife, his chauffeur and a couple of dead but warm pigeons—the satirically-minded French press has not let Parisians forget these pigeons ever since.

A few days later the Communists tried to stir up a strike with sabotage among the workers at the Renault factory, hitherto regarded as a stronghold of militant Communism. This time, however, the agitators were badly received by the workers and finally thrown out. By common consent the protest movement which was directed both against the Franco-American alliance and the present French Government — ‘*Ridgway à la porte et Pinay avec*’

—was a total fiasco. In a movement of that kind the French are either right in it or right out of it—and this had no popular support whatever. So the organised Communist bands were left to shatter themselves against a well-disciplined police. What interpretation can be put upon all this?

During the past three years the Communist Parties in western Europe have used one main slogan: ‘Peace’, or, as they sometimes prefer, ‘the fight for peace’. This propaganda-line dates from the conclusion of the Atlantic Pact. At that time, the French population, bitterly divided and disillusioned and still exhausted from the German occupation and the miniature civil war which began when it ended, was invited by the Communists to *unite* under the single slogan of ‘Peace’, a slogan which on the face of it nobody could reasonably refuse. The Communists, and a good many non-Communists too, conducted a door-to-door campaign, canvassing signatures to resolutions outlawing the atomic bomb. To make their propaganda more effective the Partisans of Peace, as they were called, made great efforts to get artists and writers, radio and film stars to sign—and many did. Picasso obligingly painted his famous dove of peace. The point I want to emphasise about this ‘peace’ campaign is its broad appeal to the nation at large, and, in Marxist terms, its lack of class-content. All along, of course, the French Communists pursued their political struggle with the bourgeois parties in parliament and with the employers in the trade unions. But the tone of the ‘peace’ propaganda was calculated to convince Frenchmen of

all sorts, first, that the Soviet Union was the champion of peace; second that peace was threatened by America, the aggressor, and, in particular, by the Atlantic Pact. The French Communists in fact avoided that kind of activity which smacks too much of red revolution on the spot and concentrated on powerful international symbolic propaganda.

Last April a prominent French Communist, M. François Billoux, returned from Moscow with fresh instructions and wrote an article in the leading Communist monthly. The Kremlin was, it seems, very

dissatisfied with the inertia of the French under what they call the American occupation and in face of American military installations in France. In other words the Partisans of Peace had failed. A more vigorous stand must be made against the American invader, with the Communists in the role of heroes just as they had been against the German invader. But who were to be the rank and file of the Communist-led liberation movement? Would the industrial working class rise *en masse*? Or was it still necessary to court the peasants and the hundred-and-one types of small bourgeois and even a section of the big-business class? It was here that M. Billoux and the Central Committee made a grave error, for which they have since stood publicly in sackcloth and ashes. The party, misapplying, as



Communists parading in the streets of Paris on May 28, during the riots which followed the arrival of General Ridgway to take over command of the North Atlantic Treaty armies from General Eisenhower

they now admit, Moscow's directive for national unity against the American invader, proclaimed that the whole French bourgeoisie, ‘the lackeys of the United States’, must be smashed, and the government of their spokesman, M. Pinay, overturned by an insurrection of the working-class. In this way genuinely Communist class slogans were revived. But, as we have seen, the whole movement petered out. One thing at least was proved: when it comes to an ideological stand, the French Communists can no longer carry the masses to the point at which they will use force.

To us in Britain, surely the most interesting question is: how far can the French Communist Party hinder the defence of Europe? There are two points here: first, what is the strength of Communist sabotage and espionage groups? Second, how far can the French Communists generally demoralise the nation? On the first point I can make no judgment and will say simply that the French police is not totally unversed in security questions. On the second, I would like to risk a prophecy.

It now seems improbable that, even at French Communism's hey-day in the post-liberation period, the Kremlin in the short run planned anything more drastic than to keep France as a kind of a stateless, political jelly. While ever-changing cabinets lived from hand to mouth, the workers' standard of living would sink; the bourgeoisie would progressively lose confidence in its own future, and the trained cadre of the party would remain ready for any eventuality. In spite of much parliamentary confusion and considerable social injustice Communist

hopes have not been fulfilled. Events have been too moderate: moderate inflation, moderate rearmament, moderate failure in the Indo-Chinese war and, to counterbalance these, a moderate hope of better times through the integration of western Europe by the Schuman Plan. What is more, Stalin's sudden proposal that a reunited Germany should after all have a national army of its own, knocked the bottom out of French Communist anti-German propaganda, which was a very important plank in the party's platform. But, above all, the French people has lost its sense of the inevitability of an eventual Communist political victory in Europe which was so strong after the war. I would say that, given the three or four years which are needed to build France's metropolitan army of twenty divisions, French feeling will turn from neutralism—that is to say, the desire to keep out of war at any price—to faith in defence.

I have suggested that over the next few years the Kremlin will find it harder and harder to manipulate Frenchmen. I would like to describe what I have noticed in French conditions and events that makes me believe this. In France many different sorts of people are Communists; not only miners and factory workers, but the professional classes including scientists, some peasant-proprietors, especially in the hilly south-central region, and a good number of depressed civil servants. French Communism, in fact, has really a non-class character. A recent public opinion survey has shown that in 1952 three ideas dominate the Communist electorate; poverty, bad government and war. Of the 5,000,000 odd Communist voters in the general election last June—an impressive number amounting to 26.5 per cent. of the electorate—only one-fifth proved by their answers that they regarded loyalty to the Soviet Union as paramount. A large majority of Communist voters showed they had no grasp whatever of the elementary principles of the international class-struggle, by saying they wanted France to be neutral in a Soviet-American war. This fact demonstrates that the French Communist Party is really many things to many men and not at all the iron Trojan horse which its propagandists would have us fear. The party owed its popularity from 1944 to 1947 primarily to its appeal to youth: first for its resistance record, second, as the one *modern* party—the dynamic party of the second French revolution which would sweep away the obsolete, the pettifogging and the selfish, and for the first time create a real modern government. Immediately after the war, as before it, the Communists did best in a fraternal Popular Front atmosphere. By 1948 this fraternal atmosphere dis-

persed. The French Communist Party had become more and more associated with Soviet foreign policy, which was at that time becoming more and more aggressive. The French workers, disillusioned by two unsuccessful strikes, had had enough of politics. They were by then only concerned with their own economic conditions and these the Communist Party was manifestly unable to improve further. So, since 1948, political incitements to sabotage on the railways and at the docks have gone almost unheeded. By the end of this year one billion pounds' worth of American tanks and guns will have been safely landed in French ports by French dockers, and, if I remember rightly, exactly one crane has been thrown into the sea by the Communists.

That is not to say that, if war broke out, the Kremlin would not be able to command effective cadres of saboteurs. I know also that some people believe that the hold that the Communist Party has over the population in regions—particularly in the south—is dangerously strong and that their infiltration into industry would make them able to paralyse any defence effort. But I think that the failure of the strike action in May has shown that the Communist influence is not as great as this: I believe, therefore, not only that the French Communists have failed conclusively to bring about the second French revolution, but also—and this is the new development—that they are ceasing even to be a positive undermining factor. In fact, they are now almost coming to be regarded as a tiresome sect of stick-in-the-muds. If France is still something of a political jelly, that is not especially due to the Communists, but to the natural difficulty which the French find in tackling social and economic problems collectively. So long as the government remains powerless to protect consumers against the peasants, distributors and small-businessmen—it is not big business, as legend has it, which is mainly to blame—the poor will continue to envy and hate the rich and vote Communist as often as not. Frenchmen know that France is a naturally rich country which could be a nice place to live in for all.

Even now, in spite of terrible housing conditions, the country is not really like a capitalist hell. The sun shines too often, for one thing. Economic discontent will always turn away the Frenchman from the state, which—and here he is nature's Marxist—he is congenitally inclined to regard as an instrument used against him in somebody else's interest. The problem, therefore, for French leaders is to restore that minimum confidence in the government which will enable the people to revive their old national love, the love of France itself.

—Home Service

The Future of British Exports

By AUSTEN ALBU, M.P.

WE suffer, in this country, from the fact that we were the world's first great industrial producer, and many of our commercial ideas are rooted in traditions which are quite unsuitable at the present time. We like to boast of British quality and British craftsmanship; but we do not often examine what we mean by these words, or whether the goods to which they are applied can be made and sold in sufficient quantities to make up the great expansion of our exports that is now needed.

The world with which we have to trade is changing rapidly and, for us, the most serious aspect of that change is the rapid industrialisation of countries which, in the past, have been our main suppliers of food and raw materials. Unstable prices of primary products and their tendency over a long period to fall, in relation to those of manufactured goods, has impressed itself on those countries, just as the trend looks like being reversed. This applies not only to what are generally considered backward countries, those in Asia and Africa; but also to Australia and the Argentine where the apparent economic advantages and, perhaps to some extent, the exaggerated prestige of an industrial society have led to the building up of local industries behind strong protective walls and with direct government encouragement. The result is, if not an absolute fall in food production, at any rate a greatly increased home consumption and a reduction in the amount available for export. If present trends continue it has been said that in a few years' time Australia will become a net food importer; and even the United States is today importing meat and some other food products. On the other hand these countries' requirements of manufactured goods

will change. Those that do not already do so, will produce for themselves the simpler types of consumer goods which require neither great technical knowledge nor very extensive capital equipment for their production.

So our first objective must be to establish such trading relations with these countries as will make them feel it worth their while to continue as primary producers. We must assist them to balance their new investment in industry with increased investment in agricultural and mineral production, and we must be capable of supplying them with manufactured goods at prices which seem to them attractive. But trading relations are not only a matter of relative prices or freedom from import restrictions; they depend ultimately on the supply of the sort of goods which buyers want and are unable to obtain at home.

The world slump in textiles and our own balance of payments crisis should have shocked us into a drastic re-examination of the kind of goods Britain can and should sell to the rest of the world. For the second time in this century exaggerated hopes have been founded on the textile trades. In 1918 it was not realised that Britain's pre-eminence as an exporter of cotton goods was gone for ever, and an unhealthy expansion took place in the post-war boom. The opportunity to modernise the industry was not taken, and large parts of it reacted to the new conditions by retreat into an apathetic inertia. Once again, the enormous backlog of demand for cloth and clothing, built up during the last war, produced a seller's market which has only recently been satisfied.

Of course, a high level of employment and of earnings will always

generate a high level of home demand for textiles and there is no reason to think that this will not soon be restored. But it would be quite unrealistic to believe that textiles can play anything but a diminishing part in relation to other goods in an expanding total volume of exports. That, at any rate, is the experience of the last sixty years, during which the proportion of textiles in the value of our total exports has fallen progressively, in fact from sixty per cent. in 1890 to under twenty per cent. today. This is not surprising when one considers that the manufacture of textiles is one of the first industries established by countries in the early stages of industrialisation. Its capital equipment is relatively cheap and, for the simpler types of yarn and cloth, the skill needed is not great. Under these circumstances it was inevitable that flourishing industries should have grown up in Japan and now in India; and that the extremely poor inhabitants of Asia should prefer to buy the products of workers whose standard of living is nearer their own, rather than those of Lancashire spinners and weavers earning £6 a week.

Exporting Capital Goods

On the other hand, the export of the products of the metals and engineering trades, chiefly of capital goods, has steadily expanded and today represents over half our total exports. Does this mean that the future for Britain lies increasingly in the production of capital goods and that we should aim at becoming the world's main supplier of power stations, of ships, locomotives and aircraft and of the equipment for the farms and mines and factories of the developing countries? I think the answer is that this is only partially true. For us to depend entirely on the export of capital goods would be to put too much reliance on a steady expansion of world investment at a time when there is likely to be increasing competition in capital goods from Germany and Japan, as well as from the United States. The correct answer must depend on a much more detailed examination of the types of goods which it pays us best to sell and for which there will be a continuing demand, whether they be capital goods or consumer goods.

It is sometimes said that we ought to concentrate on selling the sort of goods which we are best at making. Is there anything in this? Have we a natural advantage in certain lines? It is difficult to think of any, with the possible exception of ship-building and woollen textiles of the highest quality. In the case of capital goods, their manufacture is often based on the needs of a traditional consumer goods industry. Switzerland has built a precision engineering industry on her traditional watch-making industry. It is natural that Britain, dependent, as no other country, for her power and her livelihood on the sea, should base an industry on the experience of her navy and her merchant fleet. But I doubt if there are many other trades of which the same argument could be used.

For the rest I believe that we should concentrate on goods whose conditions of manufacture fulfil two requirements. First, the goods must be those in which what the economists call 'the conversion ratio' is highest: that is to say the value of the finished articles must be high in relation to the cost of the raw materials. There are several reasons for this. Because we have at home so few natural resources, we are almost entirely dependent on imported raw materials. Apart altogether from the increasing danger of absolute shortages from time to time, we are likely to be at a disadvantage, as regards price and handling costs, when compared with countries better endowed. Violent changes in commodity prices make it difficult to market goods in which raw materials form a high proportion of finished cost, and carrying valuable stocks ties up a large amount of foreign currency. This is increasingly important as industrial output expands, for there is a considerable delay between the time when the imported raw material is paid for and that when the finished goods are sold abroad.

The present slump in cotton textiles is, in fact, helping our balance of payments because of the cost of the industry's imported raw materials. Before the war exports of cotton yarns and cloth were worth well over one and a half times the value of the raw cotton we imported; in 1951 they were worth not much more than three-quarters. Solely from this point of view coal would be the most desirable export, if there were plenty of it; but the lack of a small amount of it at home can hinder the production of much more valuable goods and, as long as there is insufficient of it, its sale abroad must be restricted. This is necessary because coal-mining does not fulfil the second requirement of our export industries: that is that the value added to the raw material per man-hour worked should be high. If this condition is to be fulfilled there must be, in the costs of production, a high proportion

of scientific research, technological development and scientific managerial organisation.

These factors will, in part, be applied directly in the manufacture of the product; but they will also appear in a high level of investment in plant and machinery, for this will generally be found to go hand in hand with advanced technology and the employment of a relatively large number of technologically trained staff. Capital investment varies greatly from industry to industry. According to the census of production, in chemicals it is as high as £100 annually per employee, in clothing as low as £12; but these figures probably underestimate the real divergence. It is generally agreed that in most British industries it needs raising, and that the effect of doing so will be to increase the value of the output of the worker; but at the present time investment is restricted by the defence programme. It is important to remember, however, that some industries, such as chemicals, can only take advantage of their extensive research and development if they are allowed to undertake very heavy capital investment programmes, and that this is an important factor in the extension of the use of substitutes for imported raw materials. In those industries which manufacture capital goods a high degree of manual skill also contributes to the value of the product, and we must be sure that we maintain both the standards and the numbers of skilled workers engaged in them. Is this also true of consumer goods? Many people think that what we are best at selling abroad are the so-called high quality goods, on which many of our traditional consumer goods industries were built up and in which the work of the craftsman is the biggest single item in manufacturing costs. It is true, of course, that there will always be a market in the wealthier countries for the best cotton poplins, woollen tweeds and worsteds, the fine quality china, the hand-made leatherware, silverware and cutlery which have made the reputation of our craftsmen throughout the world. But they have formed a small part of our total exports since the war, and it is idle to pretend that we have a higher proportion of craftsmen than the other countries of western Europe, or that they can make any significantly large contribution to our export trade.

While there will always be a limited market for goods of this type, we must recognise that it is a market based on the cultural standards of a European leisured class, which has never existed in the new industrial countries. The well-paid farmers, technicians and workers of America, Australia, and New Zealand spend their money on the products of a technological, and not a craft, society. They are satisfied with mass produced clothing and household goods. For them a high standard of life is based on the kind of goods and services which are the natural products of the machine age. Obviously what applies to the people of these countries applies with even greater force in countries at a lower level of economic development. In fact I would go so far as to say that we shall remain handicapped in the export market, until we overcome our traditional nostalgia for craftsmanship in the old-fashioned sense of the word. Of course, our commercial supremacy never was built on the work of hand craftsmen applied to the making of consumer goods. What we did was to transfer the methods of apprenticeship and standards of work of the old craftsmen to the manufacture of machinery and its products. The reputation for quality of British goods in the last century was built up on the new manual skills that were thus acquired.

Traditions of Craftsmanship

The craftsman works by tradition; he uses techniques and skills handed down from journeyman to apprentice, and gained slowly by experience. Inevitably much of what is handed on becomes almost a superstition; accepted as necessary and never questioned. When I was a young man all sorts of traditional rules were still being handed down, even in the engineering trade. For instance, there was a peculiar tradition about the most suitable liquid in which to harden steel tools. In the old days the foreman in a dye-works, after mixing his solutions, would sprinkle a mysterious powder from his pocket before allowing the process to begin. Even in such apparently modern processes as electro-plating the foreman would adjust his baths by rule of thumb methods in which the sense of taste played a major part.

The skilled workman is capable of making measurements of surprising accuracy with the crudest of implements. Today the increasing variety and complexity of processes and speed of production have made these methods obsolete. Their place is more and more being taken by the scientific method of research and experiment, leading both to new

(continued on page 103)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

World Events

TO write or talk about world events with a light heart and in an atmosphere free from suspicion and misgiving is in these days a rare pleasure. Let us indulge it while we may! The events in this case—they might be called a series of events—have, or should have, nothing to do with international politics. They are the Olympic Games which are due to start at Helsinki on Saturday. These Games would have been held in Finland before now had it not been for the war and its aftermath. As it is, there will be general satisfaction over the choice of a country famous for the sturdy independence of its people no less than for the high standards it has always maintained in the field of sport. The number of competitors is large and the labour of organising the Games could not have been small. In London four years ago the nations taking part were numbered in the fifties; this year there are over seventy entries. In London there were 4,200 competitors, 6,000 including the assistants and officials; the respective figures in 1952 are said to be 5,800 and 8,500. Wrestling with problems of this kind, especially in a small country like Finland, could almost be reckoned as an event in itself—the forerunner of all the other events. In any case, as the hard-worked officials behind the scenes would no doubt be the first to admit, their job is just part of the game, and is certainly no thankless one. One may prophesy that on the day all will be well.

There are some—they will always be with us—who look with little or no favour on these international sporting events on the ground that they give rise to 'incidents' of one kind or another and so produce bad feeling. The charge has something in it, but nothing surely that need be taken very seriously. Sportsmen, like the rest of us, are human beings: they have their disappointments as well as their successes, and those who allow their disappointments to blow up into grievances and worse usually end up by wishing they had been more sensible. But even in the bedevilled world we are living in today to cut out sporting competitions across frontiers for fear of incidents would be to overdo our sense of human frailty and failure. What is dangerous—though happily there is no need to fear anything of the kind at Helsinki—is the opportunity afforded by the Games for national or ideological propaganda such as the Nazis indulged in when they acted as hosts at Berlin in 1936. Nothing could be more alien to the spirit and ideals of the Olympic Games, and if they do no more than demonstrate the truth of this assertion they fully justify themselves. This is particularly so at a time like the present when, so far as international relations are concerned, generosity of outlook, willingness to accept adverse decisions in good part, a general desire to see fair play—qualities in fact that contribute to good sportsmanship—stand in need of all the help and nourishment that can be given them.

Finland being where it is and currency restrictions being what they are, not many people from these islands will be able to be present in Helsinki as spectators. But those who are interested will at least be able to listen on the wireless to the story of the Games recounted day by day, and viewers will, if all goes well, have the opportunity of seeing films of the events in the television newsreels—against the day when we shall all be able to sit in our homes and watch the events as they are actually occurring. So then—success to the Games and good luck to all who are competing in them!

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on the World 'Peace' Council

THE WESTERN REPLY to the last Soviet Note on Germany was the subject of a good deal of comment from France. The left-wing independent *Franc-Tireur* spoke of 'this astounding process of exchanging Notes' which has lasted so long. The socialist *Le Populaire* was quoted as pointing out that in proposing a four-power conference and a commission to investigate the holding of free elections the Western Powers are forcing the Russians to make their intention plain:

The Russians will no longer be able to tell the Germans that it is they alone who want a free and united Germany. And this conception will carry still less weight with the Germans in view of the treatment meted out to the population in the eastern zone.

Meanwhile, broadcasts from Moscow, eastern Germany and the other satellites, limited their treatment of the German problem mainly to the resolution on the subject passed by the World 'Peace' Council meeting in Berlin. Thus, *Pravda* was quoted as saying:

The appeal of the W.P.C. points out that the separate agreement concluded between the United States, France and Britain on the one side and the Bonn authorities on the other, contains in itself the revival of militarism and fascism and deepens the split within Germany. The Peace Council expresses its confidence that the peoples of the world will be able to prevent the ratification of the separate agreement and will achieve the convening of a conference of the four Great Powers.

In eastern Germany itself, propagandists had the task of explaining the contradiction between the 'Peace' Council's protestations of peace and the militarisation of east German youth. The *National Zeitung* was quoted for the following explanatory effort:

The creation of the national armed forces is designed to avert the threatening disaster of a third world war. Nevertheless, there are people who do not want to understand this. They believe there has been a reversal of policy. This is absolutely incorrect. If there is any meaning in readiness for defence it means that our young people must be able to handle weapons. This necessity changes nothing in our continued determination to bring up our youth, not for war, but for peace.

But the resolution on Germany was only one of the three resolutions passed by the World 'Peace' Council, all of which were given great publicity in communist broadcasts. The second resolution appealed to all Asian nations to support the Japanese people's 'heroic fight for national independence'; and the third called for the 'immediate' cessation of hostilities in Korea and the ratification of the Geneva Protocol banning the use of bacteriological weapons. Among the recommendations was the following:

That all means should be used—press, radio and correspondence—to win over public opinion in America.

But America was not the only target. The Vice-President of the Council, Nenni, asserted that the fate of the forthcoming International Peace Congress in Vienna (in December) would be decided by the number of adherents gained for the 'peace' movement in countries all over the world—including 'the interior of Africa'.

Broadcasts from the Soviet zone of Germany also stressed the need to broaden the 'peace' movement. Not only was the attitude of the American people 'crucial'; but the partisans must work intensively to foster church, professional and sectional links with other countries, irrespective of their political opinions. A Moscow broadcast, quoting *Izvestia*, stated that 'no one can any longer disregard... the condemnation of America's aggressive policy by the world public'.

Last week 'peace' was disseminated far and wide. Budapest radio broadcast a message from Hungarian sportsmen to their foreign colleagues participating in the Olympic Games, calling on them to make the games 'a militant peace gathering of the youth of the world'. In the same spirit of 'militant peace', one might quote a declaration made by a Chinese Communist official to a missionary before he was recently expelled from China. In this declaration, broadcast by Vatican radio, the Communist official was quoted as saying that Chinese priests were 'a social asset', but as they had for so long been 'poisoned by the teachings of Christianity', their minds would have to be 'refreshed' so that they would become 'ardent carriers of the new order'. Their first task, once so 'refreshed', would be to change, in their turn, the ideas of their followers who, like them, had 'taken the wrong road in following Jesus Christ'. Those whose brains were 'so dull that they gave no signs of improvement' would be sent to forced labour camps for life.

Did You Hear That?

SUFFOCATED BY SAND

WALKING BESIDE the estuary of the River Camel in north Cornwall JOHNNY MORRIS came upon the once buried church of St. Enodoc, and in a talk in the Home Service, describing what he found, he said, 'I shall always like sand dunes. They are swept and shaped by the wind and the wind lives inside them, and on rare and wild days it lets itself out through tiny jets, and the sandhills hiss and whine and the sand lashes and writhes like gritty yellow steam. But today they are damp and quiet and the coarse tufts of grass say, "Ssshhh, keep quiet". And over there in a hole in the hills is the little church of St. Enodoc with its stumpy little spire rather like an upturned carrot.'

'St. Enodoc's was once almost completely buried by sand, and services were held there just once a year for the purpose of securing its privileges. It must have been a difficult service for the church was practically full of sand and the clergyman had to be let down through a hole in the roof. But it was reclaimed and partly rebuilt at the end of the last century, and it looks fairly safe from further suffocation, for all around it the short sea grass has thrown a tight snare over the drifting, wandering sand.

'It is not very far from the church to the Rock ferry, but when I get there, the little boat is half way across to a grey looking Padstow on the other side. As I have got to wait, I wander along the sandy river bank and look for sea shells and mermaids' handbags. I get about a

dozen yards when: "I say, careful old man, I shouldn't if I were you". There he is in a corduroy cap. "Shouldn't what?" "Amble about like that on the sand; can be serious you know". "But I'm only waiting for the ferry". "So am I, but I keep off the sand, I've known people be gone in no time". "No time?" "Yes, shifting sands, very treacherous. Woman not so long ago up to the waist in no time". "Oh". "Be all right if people knew what to do". "Yes, of course, what do..." "Well, you don't try to pull one foot out because the other sinks in twice as deep". "Of course..." "You fall flat on your face and roll". "Sounds good fun". "No laughing matter, look at St. Enodoc's". "Yes, I looked at it". "Well, that's a pointer, the sands are always moving and shifting about, don't trust them an inch". The ferry boat drives back to our sandy shore, takes us across the choppy water and dumps us at Padstow. "Don't forget, fall flat on your face and roll. Goodbye".

CATCHING YOUR MARGARINE

In a talk on 'Whales as an International Problem' (THE LISTENER, June 19) Dr. N. A. Mackintosh outlined the general policy of whaling today; a few days later on the West of England Home Service DANNY MORRISON of Bath, who has spent the last five whaling seasons on a

catcher, gave more details of the way in which a whale is caught. 'To get on to the bridge I had to hang on like grim death. It was very cold, with a south-east wind and quite a sea running. There was a film of ice over the whole boat; it was worse on the fore deck; the seas were freezing as they broke over. This really was Antarctic weather. The clock on the bridge showed just half-past three in the morning. The Norwegian gunner was already at the gun. The gunner is also the skipper of the catcher. This fellow Olsen was well over six feet tall,

and very broad. He looked even bigger with his heavy clothes and rubber suit on.

'The look-out man in the barrel was shouting now, and pointing away to starboard. The gunner gave a wave to the man at the wheel, and we turned towards the whales. We could see them now: two huge blue whales, each about the size of two single-decker buses placed end to end. The whales were close now and running fast. We hoped the gunner would not miss, because on such a morning reloading is a very cold job. Both whales surfaced about ninety yards off the bow. There was a terrific bang, and we watched the harpoon fly out, taking the white nylon foreline with it. It struck the whale near the giant flipper, a good shot. The line began to run out, and by the time we had got down on to the deck, I noticed the wooden brake blocks on the winch were smoking.

The 'up-turned carrot' spire of St. Enodoc's Church (above, at right) from Trebetherick, near Polzeath, Cornwall. Left: the church among the grass-covered sand dunes that once engulfed it

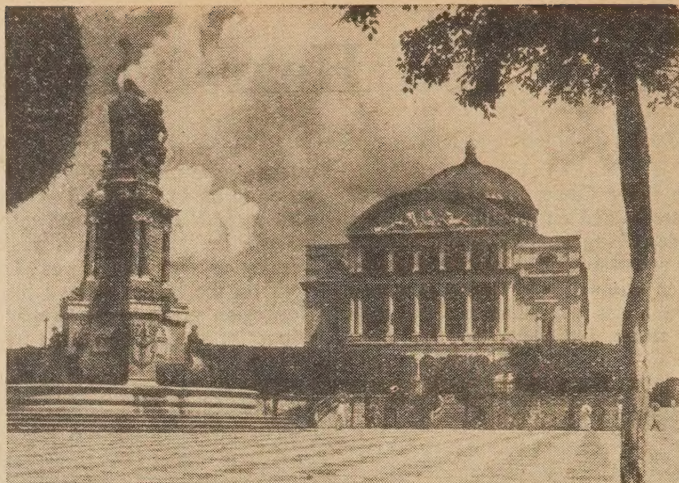
'Ours was a blue whale, and by this time it was almost dead. The gunner gave the order to heave in. The chief engineer, whose job it is to drive the winch, coupled up. The line began to come in slowly. This main line is almost as thick as a man's arm. The two men of the watch below were in the line bin now, flaking the line into neat coils as it came in. This is done to make sure it will be clear for the next shot: a difficult and, at times, a dangerous job. The whale may not be quite dead, and decide to make a last bid to break the line. The men may not get clear in time and I have known a case where a man lost his leg in one of the coils. But this time the whale was quite dead. After it had been heaved up close to the bow, the gunner, assisted by the mate, pushed in a hollow spear. This was attached to a compressed air line, and air was pumped in to keep the whale afloat. It was tricky working the whale alongside, in the heavy seas. The boat was heaving up and down and the deck was slippery with ice. Three of us managed to get a wire round the tail. One end we shackled to a heavy chain. The other end was taken to the drum of the winch.

'We had been away from the factory ship now for four days, so, after a discussion with the chief engineer, the gunner decided to make for the factory ship. There were two other whale catchers fussing around; waiting to get alongside the factory: then we had to go up close to the stern to deliver our whale. They sent a delivery line aboard, which we made fast to a strap around its tail. Then we slipped the whale, and it was up to the factory ship people to get it on the plan deck, tail first, with the help of a giant claw and big winches. As soon as the whale is on the plan deck, the men get to work. Some started to cut into the blubber, with very sharp knives, rather like hockey sticks. Others made fast wires through holes cut in the blubber. Then winches began to pull the blubber off, in much the same way as one peels off damp wallpaper.



'The special gear on a factory ship is interesting. There are huge pressure cookers, with the mouths level with the deck. These are filled with blubber and the lids are screwed on. Some of the meat and bones go to fill up other cookers. Down below in the factory, other men are watching the hundred and one gadgets used in the extraction of the oil from the whale. To give an idea of its size, two men can work, standing up, inside the whale's mouth.

'The factory ship carries a fully equipped laboratory, and many tests are made to ensure that the oil is pure. This is, of course, a necessary precaution. After all, you and I have to use this oil in our food and cooking. This then will give you a quick glimpse of what happens before your margarine



The Opera House at Manaus, now a 'ghost city' in the heart of Brazil

arrives on your tea-table'.

GHOST CITY OF BRAZIL

ALLAN MURRAY, in a talk in the General Overseas Service, recently gave his impressions of an 8,000-mile tour of Brazil by air. He found himself crossing frontiers in time as well as space as he explored remote inland towns along the Amazon: 'But how can I describe', he said, 'what was, for me, the sharpest of all these frontiers in time: the impressive decadence of Victorian Manaus, a solid stone metropolis of 100,000 souls, with tramcars and cobbled streets and iron bridges, hemmed in by the jungle, but quaintly reminiscent of some English midland town. In fact, until some years ago its street traffic kept to the left. What did it matter if the rest of Brazil kept to the right? There was no road to the rest of Brazil. And there is not now.

'Ocean-going steamers still call at Manaus. For the Amazon, 1,000 miles from its mouth, is fifty fathoms deep. But this memorable city, for all its granite and marble, is a ghost. Its majestic Opera House and tree-lined avenues belong to another age—an age of fantastic opulence, when it claimed for a brief spell to be the richest city *per capita* in the Americas. The rubber boom that paid for opera singers from Europe, and for the cobbled streets that still run to the jungle's edge, was over by 1912.

'Once, they say, there was rubber paving in front of the Opera House, so that the carriages of late-comers might not distract the audience of rubber millionaires. There is no rubber paving now. All I saw were a few Indian children playing on the deserted terraces'.

LONG SERVICE

The Fourth Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment recently held the first centenary parade of any infantry regiment of the Territorial Army, for Devon has the privilege of heading the Territorial Army List. JOHN WARDE in a West of England Home Service talk described the founding of the 1st Rifle Volunteers as they were then called. 'It all began one evening in January, 1852', he said, 'when Dr. John Bucknill, who was at that time Superintendent of Exminster Hospital, invited Mr. George Haydon and Dr. Pycroft to dinner, to discuss with them a letter he proposed to send to the Earl Fortescue, Lord Lieutenant of Devon, suggesting the formation of a corps of volunteer rifle-

men in the county. "The present state of France", said the letter, "and the opinion so generally entertained on the unprotected condition of England, promote the idea that a judiciously conducted Corps of Volunteer Riflemen might become subservient to the defence of this coast, and I do not think it would be difficult to enlist the best feelings of patriotic men for this purpose".

'Lord Fortescue endorsed this opinion and passed Dr. Bucknill's letter on to Sir George Grey, Secretary of State for Home Affairs. Sir George Grey replied, only four days later, approving in principle the formation of a Volunteer Rifle Corps in Devon. The Queen's official acceptance of the Exeter and South Devon Rifle

Corps was conveyed to the Lord Lieutenant on March 26 by Mr. Secretary Walpole. Walpole had succeeded Sir George Grey at the Home Office as a result of a change of government. It was that change of government which was the direct cause of the 1st Rifle Volunteers getting a clear seven years' start over the other volunteer battalions; for the new government decided to concentrate on the Militia and suspend the formation of volunteer rifle corps for the time being.

'Meanwhile, the organisation of the 1st Rifle Volunteers had forged ahead. At a meeting held at the Guildhall in Exeter on February 20, it was resolved that the Corps be formed as a battalion, with four companies "having for their places of assembly such of the following towns as are most convenient to their several neighbourhoods".

'It was also decided, with a pleasing thoroughness, that the Corps should be open to "the gentry, professional men, merchants, yeomen, tradesmen and the respectable inhabitants of the whole district" and that "the uniform equipments should be of the plainest and most useful character". The uniform consisted of a very dark green military frock coat, drain-pipe trousers and a cap not unlike that worn by the French soldier in the Franco-Prussian War. It was first worn by a Mr. Henry Shaw of Baring Crescent, Exeter, who thereafter was always known by the engaging nickname of "The Pattern Man".

'Shortly afterwards, a rifle range was in use in a quarry on Exminster Marshes, and a very stout and round white-washed figure was splashed on a rock to serve as a target, much to the indignation of a local farmer who complained, "What business had that there Mr. Haydon to go drawing of him and shooting at him all day long?"

'On October 6, 1852, the first muster in uniform took place in the Castle Yard. The first two parades were held on January 12 and 13 of the following year, and a contemporary account gives a delightful description of, amongst others, "Poor Tom Saunders, famous for

treading on the heels of the Front Rank Man—and Mr. Nevett unmindful of his pictures, as was Mr. Butcher of his hats. And there was tailor Maunder proving his manhood, and stout gun-maker Harvey, eager for a job".

'The next great occasion was the battalion's first Grand Field Day, held in the grounds of Torre Abbey, Torquay, in July 1855, which seems to have been most efficiently organised, and was watched by an admiring crowd of civilians, including a large number of ladies in bonnets and bell-tent skirts'.



The first 'Grand Field-Day' of the Exeter and South Devon Rifle Corps in the grounds of Torre Abbey, Torquay, on July 25, 1855. *The Illustrated London News* of August 11, 1855, published this 'spirited charcoal drawing taken on the spot'.

The Vatican and Italian Politics Today

By BERNARD WALL

WHEN the President of the Italian Republic enters or leaves his Palace of the Quirinal, he passes under the balcony over the great palace gate. On this balcony, until eighty years ago, the newly-elected Popes used to show themselves to the people. The Kings of Savoy, the previous occupiers of the palace, inevitably seemed *parvenus* in Rome. The Popes had been the temporal sovereigns of the city for 1,000 years before them; they had already ruled Rome for hundreds of years when William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey. There are constant reminders of this age-old connection between Rome and the papacy. Almost every street or piazza in the centre of the city and every palace recalls some episode of papal history. Papal Rome and Rome the modern capital are inextricably mixed.

A Thorny Question

How do those two independent organisations—the Vatican and the Italian State—interpenetrate one another and react to one another in our day? Of all questions about Italian politics I think that this is the thorniest, and that is perhaps why, though many people refer to it, few attempt to elucidate it. I do not pretend to be privy to the private conversations that take place in those acres of palaces and gardens that stretch beyond St. Peter's to the right as we walk across the piazza enclosed by Bernini's immense colonnade. The oldest court in the world, with its own precedents and ceremonials, with its own legal system and methods of diplomacy, has developed forms of discretion that have no parallel in Italy or, I think, anywhere else. Yet the fact remains that the Vatican is now in a position of what I might call 'potential power' over the politics of the Italian nation—power that is in one way much greater than the influence it exercised in the nineteenth century. In the political divisions of the country, the Catholics are today the arbiters of the destiny of Italy. The very form of the Republic itself cannot be discussed without reference to this 'potential power' of the Pope.

I want to examine the terms of this situation in the light of tensions that inevitably exist in the Vatican between the ancient medieval traditions of ecclesiastical domination on the one side, and the Catholic democratic parties which form so important a part of the political landscape in Europe today. In the nineteenth century, owing to the famous *dissidio* between the Vatican and the new Italian kingdom, the Catholics who supported the Pope could play no part in the political life of the country. The Vatican forbade Italians to vote in the elections, thereby leaving the administration of the country to a liberal minority. The ban on voting was only lifted just before the first world war. Almost immediately the Catholic-inspired democratic party—the *Partito Popolare*, founded by Don Luigi Sturzo—grew and began to wield power.

The *Partito Popolare* movement was held up for twenty years by fascism until its ideas were revived after the war under the leadership of De Gasperi, an old henchman of Don Sturzo's. The new movement, *Democrazia Cristiana*, was pledged to support the parliamentary freedoms. Communism was strong but the Church, with its mass of peasant supporters, was even stronger. In size and weight of popular support the other parties were soon revealed to be mere fractions of opinion in comparison with the two main confronting forces. The great Catholic vote defeated the Communists and has held De Gasperi in power till this day. It is really at this point that my story begins. But to keep our perspective accurate we must not lose sight of two facts. One is that the Concordat and Treaty signed in 1929 between the Vatican and the Fascist Government of Italy was inherited by the new democratic Italy and is still in force. The other fact is that Christian Democracy defined itself—here I am quoting a recent statement by Gonella, Secretary-General of the movement—as a political party which is 'based on Christian principles but acts on its own direct responsibility'. In other words the Christian Democrats maintain that the Pope is not their political leader and the Vatican is not responsible for their decisions.

At this point, and it may not be the only occasion, I am afraid I shall sound as though I am splitting hairs in my efforts to expound the fine distinctions of the theory. The 1929 agreement between the Vatican and Italy provides that the Vatican is not to interfere directly in the political affairs of the Italian State. On the other hand the Italian State recognises the right of the Church to carry on its spiritual and moral functions without let or hindrance and the Vatican, obviously, retains full freedom in all matters affecting what it calls faith and morals.

So far so good. But to what extent, for instance, is it possible in practice to distinguish between 'moral' issues on the one hand and 'political' issues on the other? To what extent is it possible to distinguish between the Vatican and the Italian Church? During the latter years of the Fascist regime there was a good deal of bickering between the two contracting parties, the Fascists claiming that the Church was interfering in Italian affairs, the Vatican maintaining that it had every right to defend religious institutions from State interference and to condemn ideas which were incompatible with Catholicism. But since the establishment of the Republic the position has developed in new ways. In 1949 the Vatican excommunicated all Italians who voted for the Communist Party, and though this decision had a moral and religious basis—for the Church has consistently maintained that Soviet Communism is incompatible with Christianity—it was also a major political act, for it amounted to the excommunication of the Opposition. But the most complicated of all the instances of what I mean lies in the relationship between *Azione Cattolica*—Catholic Action—and the Christian Democratic Party.

The headquarters of Catholic Action are in a huge palace in the Via della Conciliazione in Rome—the wide new street that leads from the Tiber to St. Peter's. Catholic Action is by definition a religious organisation, and though its members are laymen they are under ecclesiastical leadership and jurisdiction. It exists to promote the interests of the Church. With the coming of the Republic, Catholic Action rapidly increased. The huge power of these shock troops of the Church was felt in the general election of 1948. And by then a new personality had begun to make himself felt in Italian political life. This was the dynamic Professor Luigi Gedda, who, surrounded by admiring priests, had been for long an ardent member of Catholic Action. Working with that organisation Gedda founded Catholic cells in every town in Italy which are known as *Comitati Civici*. These Civic Committees are composed of fervent Catholics in many different walks of life. They purport to promote morality and to fight Communism. Today they carry on propaganda on a large scale perhaps not second to that of the rival Communist cells. Luigi Gedda is himself a man of contrasts: unmarried, dapper, in his forties, he is a professor of medical pathology and genetics who has specialised in the subject of twins. Rightly or wrongly, some Italians have detected likenesses between Professor Gedda and Dr. Salazar of Portugal, and have drawn their own conclusions.

Peculiar Paradox

But perhaps I have still not made quite clear the peculiar paradox of the situation. On the one hand we have the Demo-Christian majority party which, though led by ardent Catholics such as Signor de Gasperi and Dr. Gonella, claims that it is autonomous. On the other we have Catholic Action. This, as I have said, is under the control of the Church, but, through Professor Gedda, it has promoted the Civic Committees which in practice work as the machinery that enables De Gasperi to win his elections. I do not think I would be exaggerating much if I put it this way: De Gasperi's party would be lost without Gedda and Catholic Action, and Catholic Action derives its mandate directly from the Vatican.

My next point makes the situation still more complicated. The Demo-Christian Party leaders are men who fervently believe in parliamentary democracy and De Gasperi will have no truck with authoritarianism or dictatorship. But the Catholic Church as such has never committed itself

to supporting any particular form of government against others. The Vatican is on good terms with parliamentary countries and with dictatorships (we have only to think of General Franco or Dr. Salazar). If the Vatican has condemned regimes of the Soviet Communist type, this is not because they are dictatorships but because of the doctrines they teach. Yet, as you can see, the goodwill of the Vatican is essential to De Gasperi; with that assistance he has led the Catholic masses into supporting a regime of liberal toleration, though strong elements in these masses are anything but liberal, and are always pulling towards the extreme right.

Such is the complicated background. And out of it, in the last few months, there developed a situation which for its depths of imbroglismo could only really be described in terms of the *Chartreuse de Parme*. Gedda is thought to be no friend of De Gasperi—indeed he has attacked the Prime Minister's leadership openly once and only withdrew when admonished by *Osservatore Romano*. This January Gedda's years of work were rewarded when the Vatican approved his nomination as the head of Catholic Action. Scarcely had his power been increased than he adopted a tone which many critics thought implied the idea of Catholic totalitarianism. In the course of a speech in Naples he said that Catholic Action would have to defend the very principles of the Gospels in the next elections because, as he expressed it, 'Five centuries of Protestant revolution have led to moral decadence'. Somewhat similar ideas were expressed by Padre Lombardi, the famous radio priest, who preached a series of sermons on 'The Mission of Rome' in the winter. The ancient *forma mentis* of the Papal States and the Bourbon clericalism of Naples seemed by no means dead.

A City of Rumours

Rome is a city that loves rumours, and in the early spring these took all kinds of forms. Some spoke of De Gasperi's days being numbered and even began to look on Gedda, in his office in the Via della Conciliazione, as the coming master of Italy. Others, less precise, pinned their forecasts on a movement within the Demo-Christian Party that favoured a change of front. This meant abandoning the Centre Alliance with the Liberal, Republican, and Democratic Socialist parties, and making common cause with the growing power of the Monarchists and Neo-Fascists. Had this happened, it might have meant the end of the Republic. The crisis came to a head when Don Sturzo, the spiritual father of the Demo-Christians, came out in April with a compromise proposal for a democratic front with the Monarchists. But whatever the motives of Don Sturzo's move, it had no success owing to the attachment of the Monarchists to the Neo-Fascists.

I would like to pause for a moment on an astonishing event—the appearance on the scene at this juncture of another character: the Communist ex-Jesuit, Father Alighiero Tondi, who until recently was professor at the Papal Gregorian university. On April 20 Father Tondi suddenly announced that, after years of meditation and suffering, he had decided to leave the Jesuits and to work for the Communist Party. Several weeks later Father Tondi began publishing articles in the Communist daily newspaper, *Unità*, in which he claimed to tell the secret story of recent manoeuvres in Vatican and Fascist circles. The person most implicated in Tondi's articles was Gedda. Gedda, the ex-priest said, had been attempting to capitalise his now immense powers by founding a new authoritarian party based on Catholicism. Tondi claims that he was present at some of Gedda's negotiations with prominent Fascists and, indeed, participated in the plot. It is not my intention to burden you with hypotheses about ex-Father Tondi, and I would not bring him forward as a witness. As numbers of Italians were quick to point out, if what he now says is true, until a couple of months ago he was acting a part and saying what was untrue. The *Osservatore Romano* refused to answer Tondi in detail, and the most anti-clerical of Liberals could hardly view a Jesuit with favour merely because he appeared to be a Communist involved in a Fascist plot.

It would not be fair for me to touch on these sensational stories, did I not add that in all my researches I have not found a single shred of reliable evidence that the Vatican officially was involved in any such plot if it existed. The *Osservatore Romano* praised Don Sturzo's initiative as 'a noble enterprise', and when it failed came out on the side of De Gasperi and the centre democratic parties some days before the municipal elections, saying that it was a serious crime to abstain from voting and that, though there were other parties not opposed to Catholic doctrine, it was the duty of Catholics to vote for the largest, in other words for De Gasperi. The Liberals, the Republicans, and the other democratic allies of De Gasperi could breathe again, and many

spoke of a victory for De Gasperi and Gonella and another defeat for the clericalist and totalitarian-minded elements that are certainly to be found in the ranks of the Demo-Christians.

I may seem to have dwelt too long on an incident in recent Italian politics at the expense of my general theme. But if I have done so it is because it illustrates the theme by showing what in Italy the broad alternatives are. The Vatican, I repeat, is neutral by tradition in any choice between dictatorships as such and democracies as such. In the Catholic Church there is doubtless much scope for variety in politics. And yet I would suggest that this political opinion can be divided broadly into two schools of thought. One school appeals to traditions that are rooted in medieval civilisation when in some sense a religious-totalitarian society (please forgive this phrase) genuinely existed. It tends to view free and parliamentary institutions, with their inevitable exchanges of criticism, as a danger to religion; and it still, so to speak, has an instinct to appeal to 'the secular arm'—to the force of the state—to maintain the priority of the Church's claims.

This political outlook still exists (it appears to be dominant, for instance, in the Iberian peninsula); but if we review the history of western Europe in the last century or half century, we will see how enormously its influence has declined in practice. Another outlook has been taking its place—an outlook symbolised in the Christian democratic parties which not only in Italy but in many other continental countries, have played a major, indeed essential, role, in establishing parliamentary regimes. In France the Catholic intelligentsia, led by writers such as Maritain or Mauriac, has committed itself to this view in overwhelming measure. In Italy there is no Catholic intelligentsia that can be compared with that of France. But there is a popular tradition of liberal politics which has deep roots especially in Venetia and Lombardy. It was not born with Don Sturzo and De Gasperi and De Gasperi's followers. It goes back to Alessandro Manzoni, and beyond.

It is not my task to make a judgment between these opposing views, though I cannot help my personal sympathies. Upholders of the first view have tradition on their side and, moreover, they can depend on instinctive feelings bred over the centuries and deeply ingrained habits of thought. But as against this—so the advocates of regimes of toleration argue—do they really represent the most living forces in religion? Even supposing we put aside the question of whether the use of force to impose ideas on others can be considered Christian, there are some who argue that the practical inadequacy of the religious-totalitarian attitude in politics is shown by the fact that it was tried for hundreds of years and broke down and left the situation that now confronts us.

Can the Vatican Afford to Wait?

The arguments on both sides are too well known for me to feel any need to develop them here. But how do they affect the Vatican? As I have already suggested, no organisation in the world moves, or even changes its emphasis, so slowly over the centuries. In past crises of European history, it was said that the Vatican can afford to wait. *Qui mange du Pape s'en meurt*. But society has undergone unparalleled changes in the last fifty years: the old forms of qualitative civilisation have given way to new quantitative stresses, and the cold war dominates the world. We are fully aware that we are at the crossroads in political life, and we can take it for granted that the Vatican, which feels the Soviet threat more strongly than most people do in England, partly because of the experiences of eastern Europe, partly because of the exposed position of Rome, has weighed up the possibilities. I have said enough to suggest to you that the Vatican will not commit itself to supporting our western pluralistic democracies against all alternatives of government. Yet in the cold war which divides the western and eastern worlds, it cannot possibly be called neutral. It wages its own war, so to speak, and moreover it has condemned one of the sides outright.

I have suggested, then, why I suspect that the Vatican may, for this time, go on taking a favourable view of Demo-Christian types of organisation, not only in Italy but also in other countries of western Europe where they are playing a key role. In old Rome, under the shadow of the statue of Giordano Bruno in the Campo dei Fiori, or when we are by the palaces that bring to our minds the immense panorama of papal history and we think of the saintly popes and the Borgia popes and Pio Nono, the last monarch of the city, it may be surprising at first to see the Catholics, the Liberals, and the Democratic Socialists now in agreement about certain questions of political freedom. I do not say that this agreement goes deep. It is certainly not of a metaphysical character. Only if we look at the alignments of the world as it is will we see the logic of events, I think.—*Third Programme*

Power from Snowdonia

By COLIN WILLS

THERE is a storm in the mountains of Wales. Just now it is a rumbling echo in hidden valleys, a shadowy cloud drifting across the heights. But it is only quiescent. You can feel in the air the angry force that, when the storm first broke, sent

lightnings flashing across the Marches, across all England, to shake the windows of Westminster. It is an electric storm: a hydro-electric storm. It began when the British Electricity Authority, as part of its general programme of building up the power plant of Britain, planned to construct a number of hydro-electric stations in the mountains of North Wales. They wanted to harness the force of the waters that fall in freshets and rills and torrents from the heights to the green valleys. To the B.E.A., these waters are a potential source of energy; not a vast source, but a valuable one. But to many people in Wales, and to many more outside Wales, who like to go there to walk on the heights, to scale the crags, or merely to see the views, the plan seemed a desecration. Apart from ruining the beauty of a magnificent landscape, the opponents of the scheme said, it would dry up rivers, destroy fisheries, cause pollution of streams, seriously damage grazing and farming land, silt up estuaries, and spoil beaches. The B.E.A. denies all these charges. And, said the critics, the scheme would add only a relatively small amount to the national power resources. (The B.E.A. admits this, but says that every source of power is needed.)

The scheme provided for six new hydro-electric plants and for extensions to two existing ones. Following the storm, whether or not because of it, the B.E.A. postponed the six new construction plans and a bill was brought before Parliament to authorise only the two extensions to existing schemes at

Maentwrog and Dolgarrog. Critics contended that the modest extension proposal was the thin end of the wedge, and indeed it is generally agreed that this was a test case. The B.E.A. has not dropped the main plan, merely postponed it. The county councils of Merioneth and



Aerial view of the Maentwrog hydro-electric power station (bottom right) in North Wales: in the background is the Trawsfynydd reservoir. Below, the Gwynant valley and Moel Hebog, one of the parts of Snowdonia whose character may be endangered by possible future electricity schemes



W. A. Poucher

Caernarvon petitioned against the bill, and other objectors gave evidence before a parliamentary committee. Opponents, incidentally, point out that several important witnesses against the bill, who went to Westminster to give evidence, were not called. In any case, the bill passed its three readings in the Commons with strong debate on the questions of the efficiency and cost of the scheme and the damage it might cause to amenities, and, with amendments, it went on to the Lords.

In London, I talked with Mr. A. R. Cooper, of the B.E.A., an expert on the scheme. He argued that although the contribution of the plan to our power resources would be relatively small, it would be of importance. 'Everyone wants electricity', he said. 'North Wales people are insisting on having it. Well, you've got to make it somehow. The two extension proposals alone—at Maentwrog and Dolgarrog—will provide an extra 36,000,000 units of power a year—enough for a town of 36,000 people—like, let us say, Caerphilly. This will save, compared with steam generation, about £60,000 a year, and about 18,000 tons of coal: not a lot, but every ton saved is a ton for export, not to mention the fact that coal is becoming harder to get, and that getting it means working underground in disagreeable conditions.

'From the aesthetic point of view, hydro-electric

stations are much less objectionable than steam generating plants, and our buildings will be designed by eminent architects, under the eye of the Fine Art Commission and the planning authorities. They will harmonise with the landscape. We admire natural beauty as much as anyone. We won't spoil it. There will only be a few miles of pipelines, and they will soon be screened by foliage. There will only be a few square miles of reservoirs—and they will be fine lakes. Why, at Maentwrog, which was just a boggy valley, there is a beautiful lake with three fishing clubs: we made it. There is no evidence whatever', Mr. Cooper concluded, 'to show that a hydro-electric scheme has ever reduced the tourist trade of an area. In fact, in Scotland people go to see the hydro-electric works'.

Report of the National Parks Commission

Snowdonia is, of course, one of the great new national parks. The National Parks Commission, in a report on the scheme as a whole, pointed out that the outstanding quality of the Snowdonia National Park is 'the wildness of its mountain scenery and its great areas of rugged, unspoilt beauty'. The report expressed the opinion that the channels, tunnels, pipelines, dams, reservoirs, power stations, and pylons, would themselves become the dominant features in the landscape of Snowdonia, and would go far to destroy its present character. Some of the Commission's recommendations were incorporated in the present bill.

I called next at the London office of the Council for the Preservation of Rural Wales. The Council has drawn attention to the threatened loss of 'the running streams, cascades, and waterfalls, which are such a living part of the Welsh mountain landscape, and, without which, so much of its beauty perishes'. Having digested all I could of the arguments for and against, I went to Wales. I learned the point of view of the Caernarvon and Merioneth County Councils from their clerks, Mr. Gwilym Jones and Mr. Hugh J. Owen. With Mr. Owen, Clerk to the Merioneth County Council, I visited a power station at Maentwrog. It was a spotlessly clean power station, but hardly an adornment to the landscape. A pipeline ran very straight and very black down the side of a forest-covered mountain. It was certainly not hidden by foliage, and, according to local people, the pipelines never can be overgrown because they must be left easily accessible for maintenance.

We drove up the Maentwrog reservoir. It was, as Mr. Cooper of the B.E.A. had said, a lake with its own fishing clubs. It was not hideous, but it was not particularly beautiful, and certainly, with its concrete dam, it was anything but part of the wild scene that people come from all over the world to see in North Wales. From there, we travelled down the lovely valley of the River Eden—the Afon Eden. The hydro-electric development threatens greatly to reduce the flow of this romantically beautiful river. And a number of its tributary streams flowing in from the grand Rhinog hills to the west are to be cut off by a leat which will carry their waters away in the opposite direction to that of the river, to feed the reservoir. Besides robbing the main stream of their tribute, this will cut off some of the most important spawning grounds of the Eden salmon. Fishery experts consulted by the B.E.A. claim that there are ample spawning grounds elsewhere on the river. Other experts disagree.

Mr. Owen told me that neither his council nor that of Caernarvonshire oppose the hydro-electric schemes in principle. But both councils petitioned against the bill on a number of specific grounds. One important objection was that the bill, as originally drafted, gave the B.E.A. very wide powers, without reference to local planning authorities. Another was that the flow to be left in the rivers was entirely inadequate. The two county councils were concerned to protect amenities and also to ensure that local electricity supplies should benefit, at least in the immediate vicinity of the power stations. On the whole, their petitions succeeded in gaining the principal concessions and safeguards they sought. But while the county councils may have reason to be pleased with this, I must say that other people in the district pointed out that, even at its best, the remaining flow in the rivers will be only a very small fraction of their natural water. This has a great effect in some cases on the beauty of the landscape and on farming and it also increases the degree of pollution.

Now this is supposed to be an objective report, and not an expression of my own opinion. But it would not be an objective report if I did not express this much of my own opinion; that the country I drove, and walked, and climbed through in the course of my enquiry is one of the most magically beautiful I have seen in many years of travelling about the world, and anything that would spoil it would be a sorry and a damnable thing. Whether the hydro-electric scheme would or would not

spoil it is not a question to be settled on one opinion. I heard many opinions. I heard farmers who told me that the draining away of water from the heights would ruin the moorland grazing. 'It may be boggy on the tops most of the year', one man said, 'but three weeks' drought will turn it dry and brown. The tops need that water'. To this the B.E.A. reply that they will drain away only the water that runs to waste. Some farming experts agree with them. Others do not. It is a question that must be settled, if necessary by experiment.

In Blaenau Ffestiniog, there was support for the scheme because it would mean employment. Opponents pointed out that much labour would be imported. This, however, appealed to local tradesmen, because the new workers would provide a new market. Some local industrialists, and other citizens, take the view that the scheme should be supported, even if it means loss of some amenities, provided it makes a really important contribution to the national power supply—but not otherwise. And then there was a remarkable and magnetic man I met called Robert Owen, a distinguished Welsh bard. In his little cottage, every room, including the larder, was full of books. In fact, although at first glance there appeared to be a packet of cereal among the books in the larder, it turned out to contain not cereal, but books.

Mr. Owen fixed me with lambent eyes that shone from under bushy brows. His right hand not so much pointed at me as rose like a falcon and swooped upon me. 'It is a bad thing', he said. 'Our beautiful mountain streams will be destroyed. And the farms, the hill farms, will suffer. Upon these heights will appear square buildings of cement and pipes of iron, and towers of steel. Do you know', he said, changing his tone, 'that there is even a bard—a turncoat bard—who has gone so far as to write Welsh poems containing propaganda for the hydro-electric scheme? Imagine it!'

The Protection Committee has had many powerful spokesmen. Richard Hughes has written brilliant polemics on its behalf. Lady Megan Lloyd George has lent their cause her oratory. And Dr. Julian Huxley, after making a detailed analysis of what he considers would be the effects of the project, declares: 'In sum, the thing is a slaughter'. Perhaps the most ardent and tireless assailants of the plan are Clough and Amabel Williams-Ellis, collaborators in literature and in many witty dissections of the shape of things to come—or, if they can do anything about it, not to come.

Clough Williams-Ellis is an architect of eminence. His opinion of the idea of the power-house beautiful as an addition to the scenery of Snowdonia is blistering. He is also a local landowner, the inheritor and improver of beautiful places among the mountains, and the donor of some of his most precious property to the National Trust. He took me up into the hills and showed me two small streams which fell in cascades into valleys that run to the sea. 'If they have their way', he said, 'even these little streams will be destroyed. Most of their water will be carried over to another watershed and fed into leats and pipes. They won't spare anything, even these little streams'.

Danger of Silting?

Richard Hughes, the distinguished author, who has lived in the region for most of his life and studied the land, the coast and the rivers, told me that silting was a very serious threat. 'In the estuary of the Dwyryd', he told me, 'there were the purest golden sands. Gradually I have seen them turn tawny, then brown, and now they are becoming rushy and beginning to smell. Soon the estuary will be closed. I am sure this is due to the silt from the reservoirs. The fast river carries the silt down, but when it meets the tide, the mud drops.'

The whole argument against the scheme was summed up by Sir Patrick Abercrombie, the famous town planner: 'Whatever is done about the power stations, he said, 'there will always be very large buildings which will dominate the scene. The three earlier hydro-electric schemes were not sufficient to tilt unduly the balance of a prevaillingly wild area; the present proposals upset the balance altogether'.

—Home Service

Two new handbooks for the shelves of the naturalist have just appeared. From Witherby's comes *The Popular Handbook of British Birds*, edited by P. A. D. Hollom. Illustrated in colour and costing 45s., this useful volume is a condensed version of the five-volume *Handbook of British Birds* and is designed for every bird-watcher. The other book is for the aquarist and is *Freshwater Tropical Aquarium Fishes: an Encyclopaedic Survey*, by G. F. Hervey and Jack Hems (Batchworth Press, 40s.). It is illustrated by Eileen M. Hill with colour and half-tone plates and line drawings in the text.

Partnership in Africa—II

The Trustee Becomes a Partner

By ARTHUR LEWIS

THE settlement of Europeans in Africa produced tensions from the moment it started some 300 years ago. Europeans and Africans feared, despised, and fought one another. The Europeans seized African lands and introduced the colour bar, in church, in state and in society.

Here in Britain there was always misgiving about the behaviour of European settlers in Africa. It came to a head after the first world war, which had been fought 'for democracy', and which did indeed promote democratic ideas, progressive parties, and 'left-wing ideas throughout the world. The upshot was that in the year 1923 His Majesty's Government made a declaration which resounded throughout Africa, and in the world. It declared that in the African territories under its control, the interests of Africans are paramount where these interests conflict with those of any other race. That was in the year 1923. It was a brave new world. The League of Nations had just been born. Everybody was to have a square deal. With paramouncy went the doctrine of trusteeship. Africa was held in trust for the Africans; they were the wards of Britain, and that was why their interests were paramount in the execution of this trust.

A Suspicious Transition

Thirty years later, we hear no more of paramouncy, or of trusteeship. The word is now partnership. The trustee has made himself a partner. This is a suspicious transition. For a trustee to use his office to make himself a partner smacks of fraud. We passed from trusteeship to partnership because the trustee did indeed use his office to get hold of the possessions of his ward. In 1923 there was very little European settlement in British East and Central Africa. During the nineteen-twenties and -thirties, however, vigorous efforts were made to extend European settlement. In Kenya, large areas of the best lands were demarcated for European settlement only, and the same was done in Northern and in Southern Rhodesia. The political powers of these minorities were also greatly extended. In 1923 these countries were governed by nominees of the Colonial Office. But today every African country in which there is any significant number of European settlers has become nearly self-governing. The period of trusteeship was used to settle the trustee's sons upon the property, and to give them powers of administration. That is how trusteeship became partnership. It is a shameful process. The word partnership is now held out to Africans as a bait, because it suggests a friendly relationship. But if you know how trusteeship gave way to partnership, you see that partnership in this context is a word which any decent Englishman must be ashamed to use.

But, you will ask me, why all this song and dance about European settlement? Is the African necessarily harmed because white people go to live permanently in Africa? Africa is an enormous continent; surely there is room for a few hundred thousand Europeans to make their homes there without such fuss? It all depends. Africa is an enormous continent. It is not as large as it seems, because so much of it is desert, or overrun by tsetse fly, or subject to uncertain rainfall. Africans and Europeans clash because they both want the same parts of it, the best parts, as in Kenya, and these are not so plentiful. However, in theory let us admit that there is enough room for everybody, so that it is conceivable to have wholly white parts and wholly black parts without the two races conflicting with each other.

This idea of partitioning Africa has strong sympathetic support. It is the philosophy of the best Afrikaaners in the Union of South Africa, though it bears little resemblance to the actual policies of Dr. Malan. It is the twin pyramid philosophy of the Capricorn Society, which Sir Godfrey Huggins of Southern Rhodesia, and various bishops, say is their ideal. It is attractive and high-minded. Let the whites have their own self-contained community, and the Africans have their own self-contained community. Then each can develop in its own way, at its own pace, and they need never clash.

There is only one obstacle to having a self-contained white community in Africa. This obstacle is the fact that European settlers

will not do what they consider menial work. Some seventy per cent. of the jobs in any community are ruled out for them. They will not be agricultural labourers, or domestic servants, or even, if they could help it, do unskilled labour of any kind. Hence, in any European community in Africa, there have to be three black people to every white person. If you moved out the Africans, the community would just collapse, just as the fleas die when the dog dies. A self-contained European community in Africa is a beautiful idea, but it is pure phantasy. When people talk about segregation in Africa, and about separate European and African communities, they use the beautiful language which is appropriate to self-contained communities, but this is not what they mean. The African community may be self-contained, but what they have in mind for a European community is a place which depends on Africans for seventy per cent. of the work. The term European community suggests a place where only Europeans live and work. In fact it means a place where Africans are to be denied the rights of citizenship although their presence is demanded in overwhelming proportions. Segregation, *apartheid*, partition, European community, all these are fraudulent terms, used to give an impression which the users know is false.

Any discussion of permanent white settlement in Africa must start from the fact that the whites and the Africans will be all mixed up together in the economic sphere. You can separate them socially, in hospitals, politically, and in schools, but in economic life they are inseparable. The African can live without the European, but the European cannot live without African labour, and cannot live unless he is overwhelmingly outnumbered by Africans. Any discussion must also start from the fact that in this mix-up, the European intends to live at the highest economic and social level. He wants the boss jobs, the professional jobs, and the skilled jobs. And, what is more, he wants them not only for himself but also for his sons, and for his sons' sons. Every white boy born in Africa is born entitled to be in the highest income scale. No European community in Africa contemplates a society in which whites and Africans will be found at all social levels. That some Africans may be found in some of the highest jobs they may admit for a distant future. There is no future which includes black and white together at the bottom of the social scale, say as domestic servants, or as agricultural labourers. What partnership means, if it means anything, is a society in which whites are always at the top, and not in any foreseeable future a society where whites and Africans are found at all social levels, according to ability and to fortune.

The Biological Factor

It is difficult to keep the whites always at the top for more than one generation. The reason for this is biological. If you take 1,000 men of any one race, their abilities and temperament are widely different. There are a few who are born to be the bosses; they like responsibilities and risks. There are a few with exceptional brains. There are a larger number who will be at home doing the N.C.O. work of society. And there will be the largest number who want only a quiet life, and whose abilities and tastes are usually accommodated at the lower levels of the social scale. This is as true of 1,000 white boys born in Africa as it is true of any 1,000 black boys born in Africa. To keep all the 1,000 white boys at the top of the economic scale, doing only boss jobs, or professional jobs, or skilled jobs, is possible only if you put superhuman effort into it. At least half of them will be incompetent for the jobs assigned to them, and will be tending always to drift downwards.

On the other side, there will be the black boys drifting upwards, as they are certain to do, if they get any education and opportunity. Where the whites are a tiny minority, there may be enough boss jobs for them and some to spare for the rising Africans. But the more whites there are to find boss jobs for, the greater the tension, and the more urgent it is to keep down African competition. Comes the point where unsuitable whites can be held at the top only by denying education and opportunity to intelligent Africans. This point has been

reached in Central Africa. In both Rhodesias the whites have had to adopt a rigid industrial colour bar. If they did not have this colour bar, some bright Africans would drive some dull whites out of superior jobs, into the inferior jobs more suitable to their talents, and this must be prevented at all costs, since white men must not do inferior jobs.

Once you are set upon this road, it leads inevitably to damnation. Africans have to be denied education and opportunity lest they drive some white men down. You cannot reconcile this with your conscience unless you persuade yourself that Africans do not deserve education or opportunity. So a whole mythology has to be created, in which science, religion, and history prove the African to be inferior. And since he is inferior, he must be kept apart and in the gutter. Her Majesty's Government builds post offices in Northern Rhodesia where it is an offence for an African to enter by the door marked 'Europeans only', or to buy a stamp at the counter reserved for Europeans only. You must degrade the man if you are to justify keeping him down. Not merely must you persuade yourself that he is not quite human, but you must persuade him too, since it is only when he accepts his status that you have final proof that this is all that he deserves.

I am arguing that white and black cannot live together in Africa as equals, because equality implies that men of all races must be found at all social levels, and this is a condition which Europeans have pledged themselves not to accept. What they call partnership is not equality and not partnership, just as what they call segregation is not segregation. By partnership they mean a society in which all Europeans are always at the top, and a society can only be kept that way if fiercer and fiercer means are used to keep all Africans in the gutter, not only economically, and socially and politically, but in the spiritual gutter where men doubt their own manhood. This is clearest of all in the Union of South Africa, where the white population is now so large (though only about one fifth) that it is hard to prevent it from spreading downwards into all social classes. This can be done only by ever more repressive means against the African, for which you must have ever more frantic attempts to persuade him that he is not fit for any better. It is not as marked as this yet in the Rhodesias or in Kenya, but this development is inevitable as the white populations of those territories grow, and as the second and third generations look to hold on to their fathers' jobs, despite rising African competition. Either white and black must live in equality at all social levels or they must increasingly degrade each other.

This damnation could have been avoided in East and Central Africa. The Colonial Office which declared for paramountcy in 1923 had it within its power to prevent further white settlement, to retain full control of the legislative and executive powers, to develop rapidly the education and training of Africans, so that they might hold their own, and to resist the extension of the colour bar—at least in its own post offices. It did none of these things. On the contrary, it surrendered all along the line, and, particularly during the second world war, surrendered the major part of its legislative and executive powers. Some people believe that this surrender has had to be made to overwhelming force, but this is not so. The white population of Northern Rhodesia, which is so strident, runs only to 36,000 people including man, woman and child, in a sea of 1,700,000 Africans. It is less than two per cent. of the whole. If you include Southern Rhodesia, the entire white population of East and Central Africa is only 200,000, as against 25,000,000 Africans. The Africans are being abandoned because Britain has decided to abandon them; not because she has had to.

Once Europeans began to settle in East and Central Africa, and insisted on their right to live as lords, the only hope for Africans lay in keeping the settlers out of political power, while at the same time building up African education and African productive power. Africans learn fast, where they are given the chance, and once they have tasted education their thirst for it is unquenchable, as West Africa shows. If there had been no settlers in East and Central Africa, the Africans there would have progressed as rapidly as have the Africans in West Africa, where, Heaven be thanked, the malarial mosquito made European settlement impossible. Once the settlers arrived in East and Central Africa, it was even more urgent to build up the African; to spend freely on agricultural education, so that the farmers might be productive and prosperous; to train for skilled and unskilled jobs; to sprout secondary schools and universities so that there might be Africans to talk the settlers' language, to hold their own, and to lead their people to a higher level of technical and cul-

tural achievement. This could have been done; instead the trustee busied himself with turning the trust into a partnership; with strengthening instead the economic and political position of his own sons upon the property.

The only partnership which is feasible between white and black in Africa is the partnership in which the white goes out merely to serve the African, as doctor, teacher, administrator, missionary or friend, intending to serve his time there, and to come home again. There is partnership in West Africa, because no white man thinks of West Africa as a place where he has to make a home for his children and for his children's children. Permanent white settlement and partnership are incompatible concepts. We had to abandon the word trusteeship for the same incompatibility; the life of the word partnership will hardly last so long.—*Third Programme*

Reversibility

*To be and be in being, we are
Whose being is water in a weir,
Or the sound running after a struck note.
Why should the ghost fear the flesh?*

Drawing to music what was hidden,
Subtracting the seen into vision,
Giorgione painted like a spirit
Dreaming the flesh in a warnt flash.
Heaven's mystic climbing his turret
Of nothing, travels through its anguish.

A lonely figure in a deep meadow
Awaiting the turning fall of tree-shadow:
The eyes are satisfied, sad with having,
—Though every haunting is a craving:
Turned from love in this earthly light
They remember summer never lasts.

*To be and be in being, we are
Whose being is water in a weir
Or the sound vibrating round a struck lute.
Why should the ghost fear the flesh, the flesh fear ghosts?*

DAVID PAUL

Taliesin 1952

I have been all men known to history,
Wondering at the world and at time passing;
I have seen evil, and the light blessing
Innocent love under a spring sky.

I have been Merlin, wandering in the woods
Of a far country, where the winds waken
Unnatural voices, my mind broken
By sudden acquaintance with man's rage.

I have been Glyn Dŵr, set in the vast night,
Scanning the stars for the propitious omen;
A leader of men, yet cursed by the crazed women,
Mourning their dead under the same stars.

I have been Goronwy, forced from my own land
To taste the bitterness of the salt ocean;
I have known exile and a wild passion
Of longing changing to a cold ache.

King, beggar and fool, I have been all by turns,
Knowing the body's sweetness, the mind's treason;
Taliesin still, I show you a new world, risen,
Stubborn with beauty, out of the heart's need.

R. S. THOMAS

Portraits from Memory—II

BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M., on Maynard Keynes and Lytton Strachey

KEYNES and Lytton Strachey both belonged to the Cambridge generation about ten years junior to my own. It is surprising how great a change in the mental climate those ten years had brought. We were still Victorian; they were Edwardian. We believed in ordered progress by means of politics and free discussion; the more self-confident among us may have hoped to be leaders of the multitude, but none of us wished to be divorced from it. The generation of Keynes and Lytton did not seek to preserve any kinship with the Philistine. They aimed rather at a life of retirement among fine shades and nice feelings, and conceived of the good as consisting in the passionate mutual admirations of a clique of the *élite*. This doctrine, quite unfairly, they fathered upon the philosopher G. E. Moore, whose disciples they professed to be. Keynes, in his memoir *Early Beliefs*, has told of their admiration for Moore and, also, of their practice of ignoring large parts of Moore's doctrine. Moore gave due weight to morals and by the part of his doctrine that treated of organic unities avoided the view that the good consists of a series of isolated passionate moments, but those who considered themselves his disciples ignored this aspect of his teaching and degraded his ethics into advocacy of a stuffy girls'-school sentimentalising.

From this atmosphere Keynes escaped into the great world, but Strachey never escaped. Keynes' escape, however, was not complete. He went about the world carrying with him everywhere a feeling of the bishop *in partibus*. True salvation was elsewhere, among the faithful at Cambridge. When he concerned himself with politics and economics he left his soul at home. This is the reason for a certain hard, glittering, inhuman quality in most of his writing. There was one great exception, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, of which I shall have more to say in a moment.

I first knew Keynes through his father, and Lytton Strachey through his mother. When I was young, Keynes' father taught old-fashioned formal logic in Cambridge. I do not know how far the new developments in that subject altered his teaching. He was an earnest non-conformist who put morality first and logic second. Something of the non-conformist spirit remained in his son, but it was overlaid by the realisation that facts and arguments may lead to conclusions somewhat shocking to many people, and a strain of intellectual arrogance in his character made him find it not unpleasant to *épater les bourgeois*. In his *Economic Consequences of the Peace* this strain was in abeyance. The profound conviction that the Treaty of Versailles spelt disaster so roused the earnest moralist in him that he forgot to be clever—without, however, ceasing to be so.

I had no contact with him in his economic and political work, but I was considerably concerned in his *Treatise on Probability*, many parts of which I discussed with him in detail. It was nearly finished in 1914, but had to be put aside for the duration. He was always inclined to overwork, in fact it was overwork that caused his death. Once, in

the year 1904, when I was living in an isolated cottage on a vast moor without roads, he wrote and asked if I could promise him a restful week-end. I replied confidently in the affirmative, and he came. Within five minutes of his arrival the Vice-Chancellor turned up full of University business. Other people came unexpectedly to every meal, including six to Sunday breakfast. By Monday morning we had had twenty-six unexpected guests, and Keynes, I fear, went away more tired than he came. On Sunday, August 2, 1914, I met him hurrying

across the Great Court of Trinity. I asked him what the hurry was and he said he wanted to borrow his brother-in-law's motor-cycle to go to London. 'Why don't you go by train?' I said. 'Because there isn't time', he replied. I did not know what his business might be, but within a few days the bank rate, which panic-mongers had put up to ten per cent, was reduced to five per cent. This was his doing.

I do not know enough economics to have an expert opinion on Keynes' theories, but so far as I am able to judge it seems to me to be owing to

him that Britain has not suffered from large-scale unemployment in recent years. I would go further and say that if his theories had been adopted by financial authorities throughout the world the great depression would not have occurred. There are still many people in America who regard depressions as acts of God. I think Keynes proved that the responsibility for these occurrences does not rest with Providence.

The last time that I saw him was in the House of Lords when he returned from negotiating a loan in America and made a masterly speech recommending it to their Lordships. Many of them had been doubtful beforehand, but when he had finished there remained hardly any doubters except Lord Beaverbrook and two cousins of mine with a passion for being in the minority. Having only just landed from the Atlantic, the effort he made must have been terrific, and it proved too much for him.

Keynes' intellect was the sharpest and clearest that I have ever known. Annihilating arguments darted out of him with the swiftness of an adder's tongue. When I argued with him, I felt that I took my life in my hands, and I seldom emerged without feeling something of a fool. I was sometimes inclined to think that so much cleverness must be incompatible with depth, but I do not think this feeling was justified.

Lytton Strachey, as mentioned before, I first got to know through his mother. She and I were fellow members of a committee designed to secure votes for women. After some months she invited me to dinner. Her husband, Sir Richard Strachey, was a retired Indian official, and the British Raj was very much in the air. My first dinner with the family was a rather upsetting experience. The number of sons and daughters was almost beyond computation, and all the children were to my unpractised eyes exactly alike except in the somewhat superficial point that some were male and some were female. The family



Bertrand Russell, J. M. Keynes, and Lytton Strachey: a photograph taken about 1917

From 'Two Memoirs', by J. M. Keynes (R. Hart Davis)

were not all assembled when I arrived, but dropped in one by one at intervals of twenty minutes. (One of them, I afterwards discovered, was Lytton.) I had to look round the room carefully to make sure that it was a new one that had appeared and not merely one of the previous ones that had changed his or her place. Towards the end of the evening I began to doubt my sanity, but kind friends afterwards assured me that things had really been as they seemed.

Lady Strachey was a woman of immense vigour, with a great desire that some at least of her children should distinguish themselves. She had an admirable sense of prose and used to read South's sermons aloud to her children, not for the matter (she was a freethinker), but to give them a sense of rhythm in the writing of English. Lytton, who was too delicate to be long at school, was seen by his mother to be brilliant and was brought up to the career of a writer in an atmosphere of dedication. His writing appeared to me in those days hilariously amusing. I heard him read *Eminent Victorians* before it was published, and I read it again to myself in prison. It caused me to laugh so loud that the officer came round to my cell, saying I must remember that prison is a place of punishment.

Lytton was always eccentric and became gradually more so. When he was growing a beard he gave out that he had measles so as not to

be seen by his friends until the hairs had reached a respectable length. He dressed very oddly. I knew a farmer's wife who let lodgings and she told me that Lytton had come to ask her if she could take him in. 'At first, sir', she said, 'I thought he was a tramp, and then I looked again and saw he was a gentleman, but a very queer one'. He talked always in a squeaky voice which sometimes contrasted ludicrously with the matter of what he was saying. One time when I was talking with him he objected first to one thing and then to another as not being what literature should aim at. At last I said, 'Well, Lytton, what should it aim at?' And he replied in one word—'Passion'. Nevertheless, he liked to appear lordly in his attitude towards human affairs. I heard someone maintain in his presence that young people are apt to think about life. He objected, 'I can't believe people think about life. There's nothing in it'. Perhaps it was this attitude which made him not a great man.

His style is unduly rhetorical, and sometimes, in malicious moments, I have thought it not unlike Macaulay's. He was indifferent to historical truth and would always touch up the picture to make the lights and shades more glaring and the folly or wickedness of famous people more obvious. These are grave charges, but I make them in all seriousness.—*Home Service*

The Continuous Creation of Matter

By SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES, the Astronomer Royal

OBSERVATIONS with large modern telescopes have revealed that space is populated with numerous island universes or galaxies, which are generally similar to our own Milky Way system and of about the same size. With a telescope of 100-inches aperture the space around us can be surveyed out to a distance of about 500,000,000 light-years. The great 200-inch telescope, which has recently been brought into operation on Mount Palomar in California, will be able to extend the survey to a distance of 1,000,000,000 light years. Already within the limits of our present surveys roughly 100,000,000 island universes can be counted.

When astronomers began to measure the velocities of these galaxies they found that they were moving away from us, and that the greater the distance of a galaxy the greater was its velocity of recession. It has since been found that the velocity is proportional to the distance. For each 1,000,000 light-years increase in the distance, the outward velocity increases by about 100 miles a second. As all distances increase in the same proportion, it follows that precisely the same effect would be found if we were making our observations from any other of the galaxies. It is not something that depends upon our position in the universe; the whole of space is expanding, carrying the galaxies with it.

When it was discovered, this result of observation fitted in with some mathematical investigations of the universe based on the theory of relativity that were being made at about the same time. These investigations showed that a universe which contains matter cannot be static; the slightest disturbance will cause it to begin either to expand or to contract; it is in a state of unstable equilibrium, like a peg-top balanced precariously on its point, which will fall to one side or the other with the slightest disturbance. From the observed rate of recession, it can easily be inferred that the universe doubles its dimensions every 1,300,000,000 years. Astronomers will need to double the size of their telescopes every 1,300,000,000 years, in order to keep the same objects in view. Cosmically speaking, this is not such a very long time, for the age of the earth is about 3,300,000,000 years.

At a distance of about 2,000,000,000 light-years, the rate of expansion is equal to the velocity of light. Any object beyond that distance is receding with a velocity greater than that of light; the light from it can therefore never reach us, for as the light travels towards us the distance stretches more rapidly than the light travels. It is as though a runner is running a race, but the finishing tape is moved away from him faster than he can run. There is consequently an observational horizon at a distance of 2,000,000,000 light-years, beyond which we can never see. A 400-inch telescope would be able to explore space to this observational horizon: but however large a telescope we might succeed in building we should never be able to probe further into

space. What lies beyond is for ever sealed off from our eyes. There is indeed a 'cosmic curtain', which forms an impenetrable barrier to observation and which conceals in perfect secrecy everything that is on its far side.

If the universe is finite in extent, several thousand million years ago the galaxies must have been concentrated into a comparatively small region of space. Consequently we cannot think of an infinite duration of past time, if time has a meaning only when there is change. Was there a timeless past while creation slept and nothing changed, a sort of embryo state lasting for untold ages, or are we to conceive of an initial creation and of a beginning of time only a few thousand million years ago? Whichever view we favour there came the moment when change began to take place. E. A. Milne supposed that a great explosion occurred and shattered this initial compact universe, sending the fragments flying outwards in all directions. Lemaître supposes that there was initially a primeval atom filling the whole of space which, astronomically speaking, had a very small radius. After this atom was created it existed for a moment only: it was unstable and at once disintegrated into pieces which, rushing outwards, again broke up in their turn. When the pieces became too small they ceased to break up, but some, like the atoms of uranium, are still slowly disintegrating, the remnants of the universal disintegration of the past.

If there was a beginning there must also be an ending, in the sense that all change will eventually cease. The universe, as Eddington pictured it, is like a clock that has been wound up and is now running down; it must eventually come to a stop. There is a law which, as far as we can test it from our own experience, appears to hold a supreme position amongst the laws of nature. In scientific terminology, it states that the *entropy* of the universe must always increase; it can never decrease. This entropy is a measure of the degree of its disorganisation; thus there must be a progressive loss of organisation and an increase of disorganisation. Another way of expressing this law is to say that conditions that were systematised tend to become random or chaotic; chance creeps in where formerly it was excluded. When disorganisation in the universe becomes complete everything will stop, time will again cease to have a meaning. The universe will be dead. This state of complete disorganisation must be reached in a finite time so that the universe must always be finite in its extent.

Within the last few years an altogether different picture has been presented to us. Essential elements in this new view are that the universe is not finite but infinite in extent, that it has existed for an infinite past time and that creation is a continuing process, which has been going on throughout all past time and which is still going on. The surveys which have been made of the distribution of the galaxies have

shown that there is a large-scale homogeneity in the universe. It is true that here and there localised clusterings of galaxies are to be found; but the universe would appear very much the same from whatever point we viewed it. Bondi and Gold arrived at the conception of continuous creation from the assumption that this large-scale appearance does not change with time and that physical laws also do not change with time. We cannot at present say whether this assumption is true or not, but we can trace out some of its consequences and see whether they appear consistent and satisfactory.

In the first place, it requires that the mean density of matter in the universe must not change in the course of time. But as the universe is continually expanding, its mean density would progressively decrease unless there were a continuous creation of matter throughout the universe, at such a rate that the mean density remains constant. The rate of creation required can be readily calculated and amounts to the creation of one hydrogen atom per cubic yard every 300,000 years; it is much too small to detect by observation. Even so, the total rate for the observable universe is staggeringly large, being equal to about 50,000 suns each second. From this diffuse intergalactic material new galaxies must continually be condensing, just as the galaxies that we now observe must have condensed in the past from the intergalactic matter.

Ten Thousand Million Galaxies

Between us and the observable horizon there are likely to be at least 10,000,000,000 galaxies. On the old view, as space continues to expand, carrying the galaxies with it, one by one they would pass beyond the observable horizon and be forever lost to view. Eventually all the galaxies that we can now observe would disappear from sight. We should then find our galaxy alone in observable space, and the astronomers of the future would have a much less interesting sky to study than we have. The time required to bring this about would not, cosmically speaking, be so very long; some 10,000,000,000 years would be needed, which is only about three times the present age of the earth. If we dislike the idea of a beginning of time and we are prepared to think of time as, shall I say, timeless, in the sense that there is an infinite past, would it not be exceedingly improbable that we should happen to find ourselves in that narrow span of time out of all eternity in which alone we can see other galaxies? Why have not all these other galaxies disappeared over the observational horizon thousands of millions of years ago?

But on the new view the position is quite different. Matter, it is supposed, is being created and galaxies are condensing out of it at a rate which just balances the rate at which galaxies are disappearing over the observational horizon. Thus the universe appears very much the same now as it did in the past or as it will do in the future. Change in detail is always going on, but from the large-scale point of view there is no change. So in a similar way a fountain appears much the same, though the individual drops of water in it are continually changing.

The galaxies do in fact actually appear to be of very different ages: some are in an early stage of evolution, in which condensation into individual stars has not yet commenced; others are much older, and condensation into stars has proceeded much further. It does seem to be much easier to account for what we see on the assumption of galaxies being born at different times, in accordance with the hypothesis of continuous creation, rather than on the assumption of the disintegration of an initial finite universe. The difficulty, which we met on the old view, about the running down of the universe because of the increase of its entropy to a maximum is now avoided. Although the entropy increases in a localised region, the galaxies that pass beyond the observational horizon carry entropy out of the observable universe. Consequently, the total entropy within the observable universe does not increase with time. The hypothesis of the continuous creation of matter requires space to be infinite in extent, and the universe to have existed for an infinite past time and to be destined to exist for an infinite future. Only under these conditions can the mean density remain constant for all time. The universe exists from everlasting to everlasting.

You may ask what happens to the galaxies that have run their course, and have reached the end of their life? We do not see them, of course, for any galaxy that is born within our range of view will have passed beyond our observational horizon after a couple of thousand million years, which would be long before it had reached the end of its evolution. Because of the continuous expansion of the universe, old galaxies can never swim into our view. With Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia, we can say:

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

Questions that are often asked are: What is the matter created out of, and what form does it take? It is created out of nothing: it must be supposed that there is literally a true creation going on as a continuous process. If we do not accept this view, we must assume that there was one definite single act of creation a few thousand million years ago. The matter is probably created in the form of atoms of hydrogen, for the atom of hydrogen is the simplest of all atoms and hydrogen is cosmically by far the most abundant of all elements. The matter must be created in a random manner throughout all space, with statistical uniformity but with local variations sufficient to enable condensation and aggregation to take place.

In the attempt to understand the nature of the universe and to learn about its past, its present, and its future, the human mind is facing a problem whose solution may never be found. It is difficult to conceive either of a beginning or of an ending of the universe: but it is equally difficult to conceive of an everlasting existence. The hypothesis of continuous creation is an attractive one and it may in time receive observational support. Meanwhile, when considering the past and the future of our galaxy we can apply to it the words Omar Khayyám applied to himself:

... I came like water, and like wind I go
Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing
Nor *whence*, like water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as wind along the waste.
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.
What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*?
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!

—Third Programme

Antichrist

He walks, the enchanter, on his sea of glass,
Poring upon his blue inverted heaven
Where a false sun revolves from west to east.
If he could raise his eyes he would see his hell.
In him all is reversed; evil is good.
He is no spirit, nor a spirit's shadow,
But a mere toy shaped by ingenious devils
To bring discomfiture on credulous man.
He's the false copy where each feature's wrong,
Yet so disposed the whole gives a resemblance,
The perfect image of his opposite.
When he's in anguish smiles writhe on his lips
And will not stop. His imperturbable brow
Is carved by rage not his but theirs that made him,
For he's a nothing where they move in freedom,
Knowing that nothing's there. When he forgives
It is for love of sin not of the sinner.
He takes sin for his province, knows sin only,
Nothing but sin from end to end of the world.
He heals the sick to show his conjuring skill,
Vexed only by the cure; and turns his cheek
To goad the furious to more deadly fury
And damn by a juggling trick the ingenuous sinner.
He brings men from the dead to tell the living
That their undoing is a common trick.
Ingenuously he postures on the Tree
(His crowning jest), an actor miming death,
While his indifferent mind is idly pleased
That treason should run on through time for ever.
His vast indulgence is so free and ample,
You well might think it universal love,
For all seems goodness, sweetness, harmony.
He is the Lie; one true thought, and he's gone.

EDWIN MUIR

NEWS DIARY

July 9-15

Wednesday, July 9

Text published of Transport Bill providing for return of long-distance road haulage to private ownership and decentralisation of the railways

Dr. Adenauer, Federal German Chancellor, addresses Bundestag at opening of debate on ratification of Bonn Convention and European Defence Treaty

Commons debate Civil List

Thursday, July 10

National Union of Railwaymen meeting at Scarborough adopts resolution condemning Transport Bill

William Martin Marshall, Foreign Office wireless operator, charged under Official Secrets Act, sentenced to five years' imprisonment

Western Powers, in reply to third Soviet Note on German unity, propose conference to discuss impartial investigation of conditions for free elections

Friday, July 11

Republican National Convention nominates General Eisenhower as candidate for U.S. presidential election

650 United Nations aircraft attack military targets at Pyongyang, capital of N. Korea

American High Commissioner in Germany, Mr. McCloy, protests to General Chuikov, Soviet Control Commissioner, at recent kidnapping of Dr. Kinze, a West Berlin citizen

47 long-distance trains cancelled owing to 'go-slow' movement at nine Western Britain depots

Saturday, July 12

Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at Exeter, says that if wages did not rise the prices of most services and goods, apart from food, should remain stable or fall

British Government requests Soviet Government to withdraw M. Pavel Kuznetsov, Second Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in London

Sunday, July 13

Chinese Government protests that American aircraft violated Manchurian territory during recent raid on Pyongyang

Severe outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease reported from France

Monday, July 14

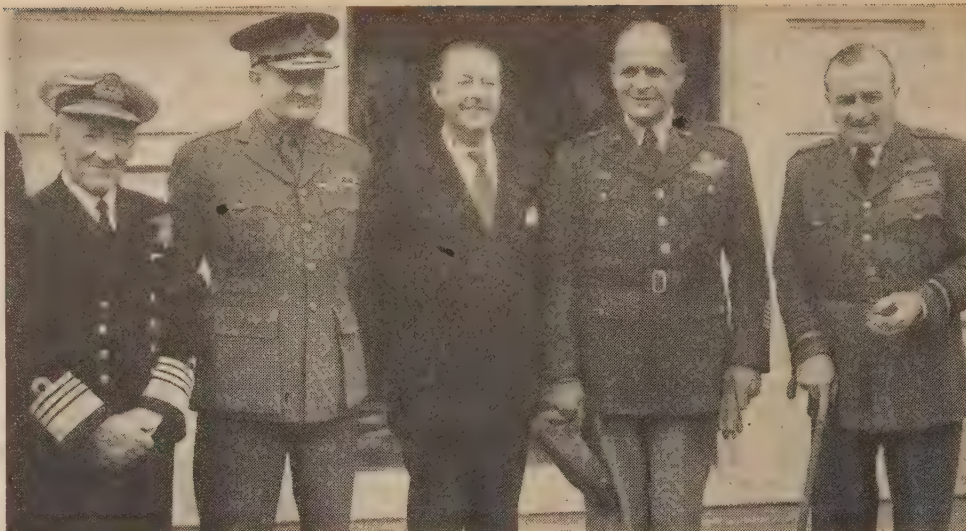
United Nations command deny communist allegation that camp of South Korean prisoners-of-war was bombed during raid on Pyongyang

53 Democratic members of U.S. Congress urge that presidential candidates of all parties should be selected by direct vote in nation-wide election

Tuesday, July 15

U.S. Chief of Staff states U.N. forces are prepared to use anything except germ warfare to prevent their being destroyed or driven out of Korea

The Prime Minister answers questions concerning the Dean of Canterbury



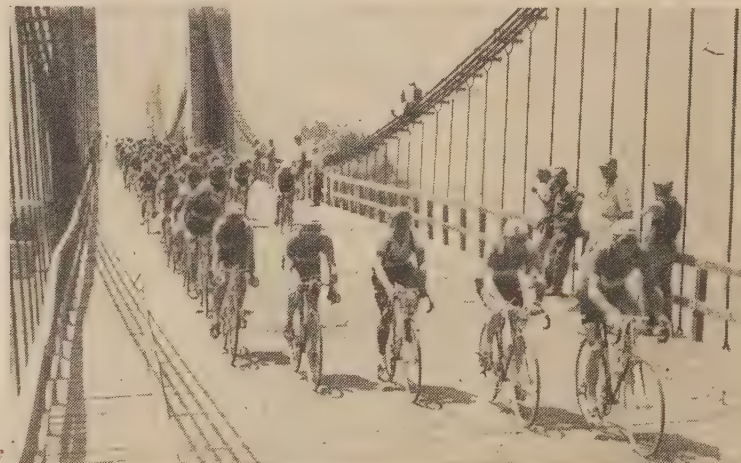
General Matthew Ridgway, Supreme Commander Allied Forces (second from right), who visited this country last week, photographed with the British Chiefs of Staff in London. On his right are (left to right) Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, First Sea Lord, Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Lord Alexander, Minister of Defence; on his left, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor



Mr. Bal Gangadhar Kher, the new Indian High Commissioner in the United Kingdom (right) with his wife, on arrival in London on July 13. With them is the retiring High Commissioner, Mr. Krishna Menon



Members of Britain's Olympic team, on arrival in London for the week. The team is being welcomed by the week. The



Cyclists taking part in the annual Tour de France race, crossing the River Durance as they leave Malesmort during the 178 kilometre fourteenth lap from Aix-en-Provence to Avignon on July 9



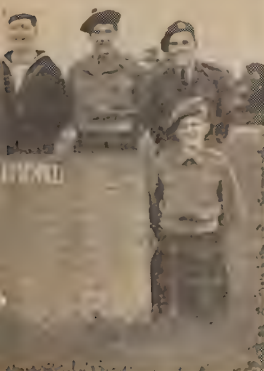
The Glenalmond School (P. Ashburton Challenge shield)



General Dwight Eisenhower, who last week won the Republican Party's nomination as their candidate for the American presidential election, being congratulated by his opponent, Senator Robert Taft, after the result had been declared at the Convention in Chicago. General Eisenhower was nominated on the first ballot. Senator Nixon of California was nominated as the party's candidate for the vice-presidency



... setting off for Helsinki last week to Finland in relays throughout the week, opening on July 19



... shooting eight who won the match last week for the fourth time



A. D. Locke of South Africa who won the British Open Golf Championship on the Royal Lytham and St. Anne's course, Lancashire, on July 11; he is seen driving from the 16th tee. He previously won the championship in 1949 and 1950. Second place was taken by P. W. Thomson of Australia and third by F. Daly of Belfast

Right: D. J. Hulbert (Harrow) whose fine bowling in the match against Eton at Lord's last week largely contributed to their first victory against Eton since 1939. Hulbert had a match analysis of twelve wickets for sixty-seven runs. Harrow won by seven wickets



On July 10 the Queen held the first garden party of her reign in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty is seen shaking hands with one of her guests



Ukrainian dancers who competed in the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen, North Wales, last week. The competition of national dancing was won by the Yugoslav team; British choirs won the women's and men's choral competitions



A display of aerobatics by Rhesus monkeys on Monkey Hill: a photograph taken at the London Zoo last week

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Civilisation in Africa

Sir,—Mr. Rex (THE LISTENER, July 10) puts words into my mouth, an old and unworthy trick. I did not state or imply that Southern Rhodesia is a racial paradise. I imagine I know the Colony a great deal more intimately than Mr. Rex, and, while I readily admit the disabilities, I also realise the potentialities.

My reply to Mrs. Huxley was made to establish the franchise position in Southern Rhodesia, namely, the existence of the common voters' roll, on which African and European take their places without distinction. That was the burden of my letter, and for Mr. Rex to say that he 'repudiates' it is simply nonsense. It happens to be a fact, and all his repudiation will not alter it. Further, one does not condemn a child for not being a man. Other things being equal, he will one day become a man. The vision of Rhodes and the intentions of the framers of Rhodesia's constitution (thirty years ago, incidentally, not fifty) may be temporarily frustrated by very natural sectional fears and interests, but they will find fulfilment one day. A comparatively highly industrialised economy is succeeding a very primitive one and inequalities are bound to arise, but to attempt to give the impression that they even remotely approach the inhumanities of the English industrial revolution is ludicrous.

As for the contentment of Africans in Southern Rhodesia and elsewhere, Mr. Rex will not require to be reminded that, since the rebellion in 1896, not a single African life has been lost or endangered in civil disorders in Southern Rhodesia, an outstanding record and one not shared by neighbouring Colonial Office territories, which have, on different occasions, had to call for the services of the B.S.A. police to restore order. Finally, I have a longer acquaintance with Bulawayo and Salisbury than that covered by the reference '1949', and I recollect few signs of the 'cringing fear' rather hysterically mentioned by Mr. Rex. Very much the reverse. It takes a great deal more than a brusque postal counter-clerk to induce cringing fear in the descendants of Lobengula's impis.—Yours, etc.,
Innerleithen W. P. G. ANDERSON

Sir,—Mr. John Rex, in the course of his repudiation of the Huxley-Anderson-Salisbury view of Southern Rhodesia in your issue of July 10, manages to present a picture of African conditions in that territory which after many years' experience south of the Zambesi I find almost hilariously misleading. I would like if space permitted to take Mr. Rex's points one by one, but will select two only. Take first this statement: 'Southern Rhodesia is innocent of statistics relating to the welfare of her African population. If some were collected the result would shock any civilised person'. If Mr. Rex will pay a visit to the High Commissioner's office in London I should imagine he would not only get all the statistics he wants, but would have to admit that Southern Rhodesia's record in this respect is immeasurably better than that of neighbouring African territories directly administered by the Colonial Office. As I have had something to do with these welfare measures in the past I know what I am talking about.

Next, Mr. Rex alleges that the political equality of the African is a manifest fraud, seeing that his income is fixed at a level which

makes it impossible to reach the property qualification of over £200. But some of the figures of wages currently earned by Africans in Southern Rhodesia today were given by Sir Godfrey Huggins in a recent address to the Royal Empire Society, in reply to this sort of assertion:

A taxi-driver, getting fifteen per cent of each £ in fares, receives from £40 to £50 a month. Heavy truck drivers average about £28 a month. A tailor, self-employed, earns £35 to £40 a month. Those employed in clothing factories earn £30 a month. A clerk on African newspapers earns £30 a month. Panel beaters and card trimmers earn from £25 to £35 a month. Semi-skilled mechanics earn £5 a week. Carpenters and joiners, not mechanised, working on their own, earn from £30 to £50 a month.

Here are some Africans, anyway, who are not going to be kept off the voters' roll.

I am not concerned to claim perfection for Rhodesian race relations and still less to defend economic injustice imposed by European trades unions; but it is too easy to shock and confuse a stay-at-home audience by compiling lists of apparent inequalities and political inconsistencies. They do not amount to much in the way of evidence one way or another unless the essential background is understood. The symbiosis of a European enterprising minority and a primitive African majority in countries like Southern Rhodesia engenders problems quite unfamiliar to a civilised, literate, homogeneous society like that of Great Britain.

Yours, etc.,

Wokingham

LEWIS HASTINGS

Sir,—I cannot trespass on your space to reply as fully as I would wish to the many controversial points raised by the Rev. Michael Scott in his broadcast, 'Civilisation in Africa', and reprinted in THE LISTENER of May 22; but I would like to emphasise two factors in the problem which he has overlooked.

Let me say that I am not a prejudiced opponent of Michael Scott. I was residing within forty miles (no distance in South Africa) from Bethal at the time of his courageous exposure of the exploitation of African labour in that area; I know how much right he had in his attack and I admire his desire to help this backward race.

That is the first factor he has overlooked. The Bantu and other South African tribes are, as a body, far too backward to be placed suddenly on an equal franchise, let alone an equal footing, with the white races, who have developed this country so bravely and so well, and in doing so have raised the average standards of living of the Bantu well above those of any other African territory. Generations must pass before equality such as Michael Scott visualises can be achieved without disastrous results for both races. As a backward race they must be treated and undoubtedly, if they are to contribute their due share to the world amelioration, they must for years be led unquestioningly by the more highly developed races, who in their turn must appreciate their bodily and spiritual needs and must take steps to see that they are satisfied. But equality—no, not for many years to come; they are as a race quite unfitted. This is not a doctrine of the *Herrenvolk*, it is merely ordinary common sense.

The second factor not mentioned is the intense dislike of the African by the Europeans as a whole; a dislike which is reciprocal. Their

habits, their appearance and above all their smell are offensive. This factor is entirely overlooked by the intelligentsia of Britain and also partly by those of South Africa. The higher up in the social scale, the less the direct contact with the African and the smaller the appreciation of this. Even such contacts as are made in England are confined to the exceptions, the educated sons of chiefs and the like. But the lower you descend, the closer the contact, the greater the dislike. The miner, who for hours on end works in the dark heat alongside a gang of stinking, sweating recalcitrant Africans cannot be expected to regard them as brothers; the building artisan who fears that, once they are permitted to work freely at his trade, his standard of living will fall, cannot be expected to work enthusiastically for the advancement of the native races. And such complexes of hate, and fear, cannot lightly be brushed aside, still less can they be cured suddenly by a declaration of rights.

Let the Rev. Michael Scott and his like-minded selfless workers cease to preach immediate equality, which would be a profound calamity for South Africa, but let them lead a movement of steady, though gradual integration (not assimilation) of the interests of the white and black races throughout South and Central Africa with commensurate improvement of status of the Negro, and they will find ample support for their cause.—Yours, etc.,

Natal

ROBERT STELLING

Partnership in Africa

Sir,—Professor Lewis' main argument (see page 95) is difficult to refute, but subsidiary statements need qualification. Of all the colonies only Northern Rhodesia had, in its copper, the means to finance the vast programmes of African education, agricultural expansion, etc., demanded by Professor Lewis. The others were dependent on the export of primary agricultural products. European settlers made this possible, and, incidentally, advances in African agriculture. Without European immigration there would have been no African coffee industry in East Africa, no African tobacco industry in Nyasaland.

To remain an aristocracy whites ought to refuse education to blacks, but the white conscience will not permit this, and, moreover, illiterate labour is inefficient. There may not be enough education, but that was not Professor Lewis' statement.

But partnership, trusteeship, amalgamation, separation, are immaterial in the solution of the African dilemma. The white, by refusing to do his own menial work, has put his future in the hands of the black. When Africans achieve sufficient cohesion and the trivial financial reserves needed to withdraw their labour, if only for a few days, their economic and political demands must be granted. That achieved, other equalities must follow. A painful prospect for the whites, but not necessarily a bloody one, once they recognise its inevitability.—Yours, etc.,

Glastonbury

D. MALLOCH LAWSON

The Plight of Paris

Sir,—I am beginning to think I must have overstated my case, because I have succeeded in provoking a defence of Paris from Mr. Patrick Heron, who has told us in print that he ranks

Alfred Wallis higher than Rousseau and Reg Butler higher than Giacometti.

Of course 'ideas', 'talent', 'professional seriousness' can still be found in Paris. Does Mr. Heron think I believe all the tens of thousands of artists practising there to be cretins? Of course 'the artists still go to the cafes' (and oddly enough Mr. Heron's knowing aside that they do not go to 'the ones they are most widely reported as frequenting' is not strictly accurate). But if Mr. Heron will just use his Parisian contacts to ask, not whether painters still get thirsty sometimes, but how cafe life today compares with what it was before and just after the war, he will see what I meant.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 DAVID SYLVESTER

The Nature of Scientific Theory

Sir,—I submit that in Mr. Toulmin's article, in your July 10 issue, the implication that the ratio π might be of the same category as, for instance, the proton-electron mass ratio, is misleading.

The circle is an imaginary construction. Since the mathematician himself freely endows it with ideal properties, it is not surprising that he can logically deduce further properties, such as the ratio π , 'without appeal to experiment' as Mr. Toulmin says in effect. The imaginary constructs of geometry are self-contained; the idea of 'ex-

periment' is quite foreign and irrelevant to them.

Clearly, the proton-electron mass ratio is in a different category. It is a feature of the real world, like the height of Nelson's column, which must be *investigated*. Without experiment, the mathematician can only announce the properties of systems which he freely constructs, and, in principle, there is no connection between his system and any measurable aspects of the real world. Therefore, I suggest that the introduction of π as being a small item, on the credit side of Eddington's epistemology, is a red herring.

On another point, it seems to me that there is nothing 'odd' or subjective in the fact that there exists an absolute zero of temperature. It is connected, both directly and by analogy, to the similar paradox (if it is one) that while there is no upper limit to the conceivable volume of a gas, there is an obvious lower limit, namely zero. I do not see that either in this case or in the case of the absolute zero of temperature, 'if there is a barrier . . . it is we who have put it there'.

These points are incidental to Mr. Toulmin's main thesis, which is admirable.—Yours, etc.,

Methil

WALTER STANNERS

Whales as an International Problem

Sir,—Mr. Thompson's letter in your issue of July 10 refers to my statement that late in the last century the Norwegians invented the harpoon gun, and he quotes an inscription on a

tombstone indicating that the harpoon gun was invented in the eighteenth century.

It is quite true that the Norwegian gun, invented and developed by Svend Foyn between 1864 and 1873 was by no means the first. Indeed there were several earlier English and American types of small harpoon guns, for use in open boats, either mounted on a swivel or fired from the shoulder. Svend Foyn's gun however was, and remains today, a heavy cannon, firing a massive harpoon with an explosive head, intended to kill the whale as well as to fasten it. From the first it was mounted in a steam catcher, and it was this combination which can be said to have revolutionised the industry.—Yours, etc.,

N. A. MACKINTOSH

National Institute of Oceanography
London, S.W.1.

Insects and Poets

Sir,—Permit me to commend your breadth of editorial policy in publishing in your latest issue, with admirable catholicity, verses called 'The Poet and his Lice' and an article on 'Keeping the Insects at Bay'. As a student of art, however, I cannot but feel that if Mr. W. P. Matthew's hygienic advice were to be followed by all, there would be left little aesthetic justification for Mr. James Kirkup's imaginative philosophy.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

HUBERT FOSS

The Future of British Exports

(continued from page 87)

materials and new methods and to the standardisation and accurate control of processes. Only in this way is it possible to produce large quantities of goods of high quality. The place of the craftsman in the modern world is in the tool-room—and even there he must be half-technician. In his place we have to put technology—the application of science to the processes of manufacture.

It would be a tragedy if true craftsmanship finally disappeared. A society in which nobody experienced the satisfaction of producing with his hands things that were useful as well as beautiful would not be a happy one. But this has nothing to do with the urgent problem of selling our goods in the world in order that we shall live. Whether it will be possible to develop craftsmanship in our increasing leisure time, and isolated from the normal processes of economic life, is a question for the sociologists to answer.

What I am certain of is that, in an increasingly industrialised world, we can only hope to sell goods in which the design and methods of manufacture involve a degree of research and development and the use of trained staff beyond the capacity of the majority of our customers. An extreme example that comes immediately to mind is the jet aircraft. It is more useful to have produced the first jet airliner in commercial operation than to regain the blue ribbon of the Atlantic. In this sphere our designs are at least five years ahead of the world, thanks to the efforts of research workers and scientifically trained designers. As a result they are likely to be in great demand, and they are worth between £20,000 and £25,000 per ton of material used in their manufacture, compared with about £600 per ton for a motor-car. A similar, though less striking, story could be told of developments in many parts of the electrical engineering and chemical industries. In all of these the proportion of scientifically qualified staff employed is high, and research and development account for a proportion of the value of their output, which is very much

higher than the average for industry as a whole.

It is not, however, only in the capital goods industries, or in fields which require extensive fundamental research, that the application of the scientific method pays. What our industries lack more than research, or even its application in design, is the use of scientific skill in the organisation of production. Where this has been applied, we have succeeded in selling consumer goods even in competition with those from the United States. For instance, we have sold very large quantities of our best quality mass-produced utility clothing in Canada and other hard currency markets. In the field of metal consumer goods at least one company in Britain, which is well known for its interest in scientific methods of production, has been exporting the greater part of its output of vacuum cleaners and washing machines. Over seventy per cent. of our production of domestic refrigerators has been exported. In these goods scientific methods of manufacture have ensured both high standards of quality and low prices. Provided that proper attention is paid to design, both for function and appearance, the quality of mass-produced goods can be quite as high as those produced by the craftsman, and for most of them the size of our home market is quite large enough to ensure the benefits of large-scale production.

If the proportion of salaried staff is taken as a measure of the use of scientific method, it will be found, not surprisingly, that it is the industries generally considered backward, such as coal and cotton, which are the least scientific. Personally I believe that we should produce more coal if the industry employed more scientifically trained staff, and that the cost would be lower. It would then be much more valuable as an export than it is today.

* One cannot help being forced to the startling conclusion that the trouble with much of British industry is that its overheads are too low. If it is to live in the world today, it will certainly have to increase the number of scientifically qualified and of technically trained

staff which it employs. But this means that we urgently need to raise the numbers of those receiving scientific education, both at school and at university and technical colleges. At present facilities for such education at the higher levels are inadequate, and there are, too, alarming reports of the falling-off in the supply and quality of science teachers in our schools.

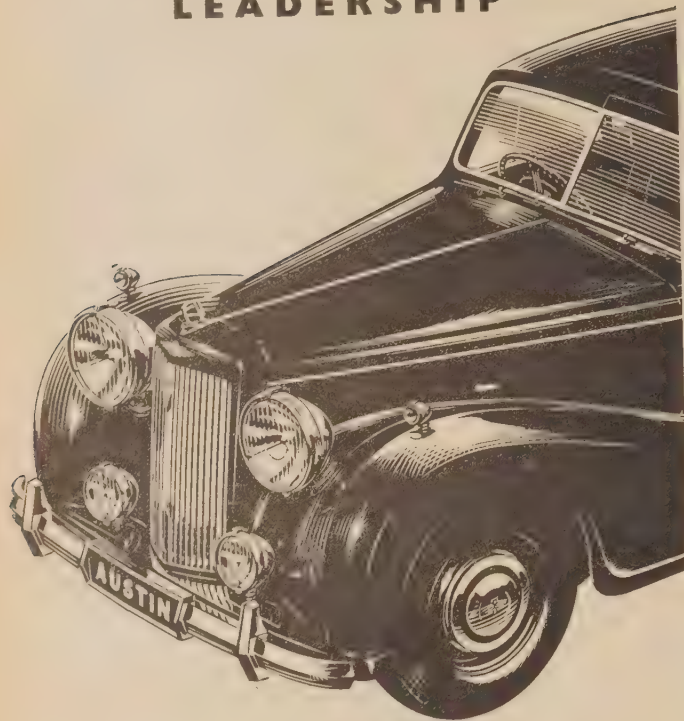
I believe that this state of affairs spells disaster for our economic future; but it will never be corrected, unless those who direct industry create the demand, and until the traditional view is changed that the liberal education suitable for an administrator need consist only of the humanities, and it is realised that in a technological age a knowledge of the scientific method is more important. Perhaps the trouble lies in the fact that too few of the boards of directors of our companies include anyone with a scientific training, able both to appreciate the value of such people on their staffs and to apply in their own organisations the results of new research and development which are published in the scientific and technical press. A comparison of the records of companies which did, and did not, include such directors would be of very great interest.

To sum up: we must sell more to the rest of the world. We cannot hope to sell either the simpler types of consumer goods, or the expensive hand-made consumer goods of a by-gone age. A large proportion of our future exports will be capital goods, but we can still sell consumer goods provided they are of good design and produced by modern methods. It pays us better to export goods containing a high proportion of brains and technical skill in their design and manufacture, and a low proportion of imported raw materials. This will be a continuing struggle. As the technological standards of our customers rise, we shall have to lift ours higher still. We must keep one scientific jump ahead and sell to the world products it has not yet learnt to make.

—Third Programme

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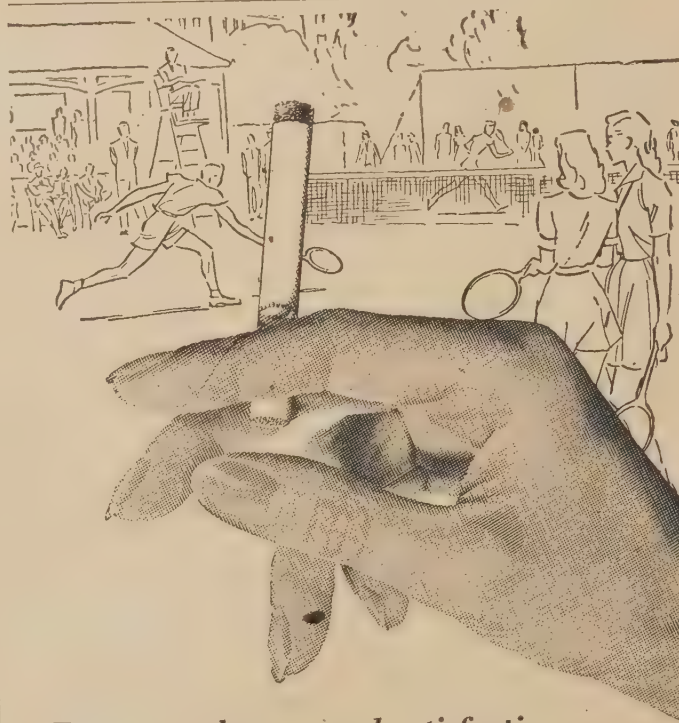
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The Prima Donna of the Oxford Movement

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN on Maria Rosina Giberne's friendship with Cardinal Newman

THERE must always be a certain amount of ambivalence in the relationship between the clergy and the laity, especially a celibate clergy. A celibate priest is almost a third sex. The relationship between priests and women must be especially delicate, and difficult, as we appreciate immediately we imagine a congregation of men listening to a woman-preacher on, say, 'The Giving of Scandal', or on 'Married Morality', or imagine a male penitent recounting his sins in confession to a priestess. Habit makes us accept the reverse roles, but it cannot make the relationship any less delicate for the priest, or for the woman.

Newman, 'By Nature an Isolate'

Women had a very small share in the life of John Henry Newman, apart from his devotion to his mother and his sisters, and even this relationship gave him a good deal of difficulty and he did not make a complete success of it. This was partly because he was by nature an isolate; partly because he knew that he must provide against the loss of friends—so, 'I must make my own mind my wife', and, again, 'I dare not even towards my sisters indulge affection without restraint'. Besides, he had the celibate's irrepressible feeling that the company of women is intellectually deleterious—so, when his sister Harriett married his friend Tom Mozley, he said to a mutual acquaintance, 'Be sure of this, that everyone when he marries is a lost man, a clear good for nothing—I should not be surprised to be told Mozley would not write another letter all his life'. It is true that he had several women acquaintances, whose interest he cherished, indeed nourished with infinite tact and understanding, but he did it almost wholly by correspondence. Such was the Baroness von Hügel; and he had known her from her childhood when she was Isy Froude. So far as I know he had a personal friendship with only one woman, and that dates back to his Anglican days and it went on into his eighties. She was Maria Rosina Giberne, generally referred to as Maria Rosina, or M.R.G. Newman was very tender with her, most kind, most patient, and he had reason to be grateful to her, for she proved a loyal and devoted friend. She must, also, at times, have been a trying one.

She was a beautiful woman. In her Roman days when she used to go daily by the Spanish Steps to her studio—she covered square miles of canvas, copying pious pictures for Catholic churches in England—people would stare at her as if she were an ancient goddess come to life again. She was about twenty-three or twenty-four when the Newmans made her acquaintance; a buxom, dark-haired, cow-eyed, foolish Juno, Tom Mozley described her well, if wickedly, as the Prima Donna of the Oxford Movement. She was so beautiful that it was natural that Frank Newman should fall in love with her almost from the first moment he saw her. Unkind friends suggested that she was in love with Newman. But it is more likely that she merely nourished for him the sort of *schwärmerei* that it is the embarrassment of handsome priests to evoke in emotionally unsatisfied women.

In any case she was much more inclined to fall in love with young women than with young men. She says as much in her autobiography—she wrote two, one in English and one in French, both of them brief and neither of them as yet published. So, speaking of a typical attachment: 'My passions were in an excessively excited state. . . . I was desperately in love with Elizabeth Saunders. Indeed my friendships were more passionate than any love I have felt for the opposite sex'. Our clinically minded age would probably give a frank interpretation to this innocent admission. She confessed that if she ever observed her beloved Elizabeth paying too much attention to anyone else she used to suffer the madness of jealousy, lying awake for whole nights on end, fearful all the time lest her sighs and her sobs should awaken her sister sleeping by her side. 'I was on fire', she says, ingenuously.

She met the Newmans through a man who had already had a profound influence on both John and Francis—the Rev. Walter Mayers, a curate at Worton, near Oxford. The boys had already met, and admired, this Calvinistic-minded clergyman at Ealing High School, where he had been the means of dragging John through a painful

religious conversion—some might prefer to call it a perversion—that left a scar upon his imagination for many years. The brothers used to come over there from Oxford to help him with his pupils. He had married Maria's sister, Sarah. And that was how they met. She was at first attracted to Frank by a characteristic Evangelical blend of religion and sentimentality. He used to talk religion with her and sing with her. She denies scornfully in her autobiography that there could have been any shade of amorous feeling in their relationship, and says she was merely amused when her sister, who must have had an unpleasant mind, tried to prevent Frank from kneeling beside her at the Communion Table. But she is not honest, or perhaps it is that she was not perspicacious about herself, because she also admits that when she was leaving Worton she wept bitterly in the stage-coach. However, she met a charming young girl the next day, 'with whom I fell quite in love', and she wished that this young girl would marry Frank Newman so that she could have the two of them. Moreover, she thought frequently of Frank, and used to hope, in her self-dramatising way, that he might take her by surprise in the garden when she was singing hymns. He was persistent enough. He followed her to her home at Wanstead, but, she says, 'I had to leave for a lecture or something'. She strikes us as the sort of person who kills all real emotion by luxuriating in fancies. I think she was at her worst when she used to sit in the middle of the village green playing the harp for the village kids.

She did not care for the Newman girls at first. She thought they were cold and reserved. The fact seems to be that they did not gush about religion. They did not talk through their noses about God. They did not pack their letters with scraps of hymns, but told her all sorts of silly, trivial things about their daily doings which, she found to her astonishment, 'one likes to know'. They must have been the first civilised family the poor girl had met, her spiritual lungs choked with the clammy, tropical atmosphere of Enthusiasm and Dissent. Neither was she, at first, impressed by Newman; and we can imagine what he must have felt at his first meeting with this silly, gushing beauty. She found him cold-hearted and stiff. 'Has he not', she wails years afterwards, 'heaped coals of fire on my head by laying me under an eternal obligation to him! Bless the Monk!!!!' Only by degrees did she begin to discover the perfections of his mind and 'the romantic greatness of his soul'.

'A Religious Man After All'

She made the discovery under sad circumstances: the death of his sister Mary. She was staying with the Newmans at Brighton the night the girl died, and it was John's task to break the news to her, gently and tactfully, lest, after the fashion of the period, she should swoon under the shock. He need not have been afraid. Her only interest as she watched him, white-faced, lips quivering, telling her of his sister's illness—he held off for a while from revealing the whole truth—was whether he could, and would, break into extempore prayer. For, of course, to such people as Maria Rosina nobody was really religious who could not burst into emotional eloquence like a Revivalist virtuoso in Alabama. 'Stupid fool that I was!!!!' she excoriates herself in her old age. 'Unfeeling, hard-hearted wretch!!!!!! But, instead of that (*Bête, sotté, cruche, pot-à-l'eau*, fiend in human shape! Oh!) he said, "She is gone already"'. Incredibly, the woman stayed on for several days in that heart-broken household, inquisitive now to know how these people would behave under the stress of a great sorrow. She was edified by their restraint, which she had formerly considered a cold reserve. They thought of her comfort as if nothing had happened. She watched John read the burial service every night over his sister's bier. And when he did, at last, pray extempore, she was satisfied. He really was a religious man after all.

It would obviously be easy for us to treat such a woman as a comic character, or as part of the lunatic fringe of a great religious movement. But I think we should be wrong. She must, as we say, have 'had something'. It would be an easy way out to declare that it is enough that Newman bore with her tenderly for a lifetime. That unfortunately

will not do, since in all this wide world nobody can ever have suffered more fools more gladly—and worse than fools—than John Henry Newman, in his gentleness, his sweet unworldliness, his way of believing the best of everybody until, as with the unctuous Manning or that bitter young man Golightly, he felt the Judas kiss.

Capacity for Arousing Pity

One thing she did have, though it is a poor gift: the capacity for arousing pity. For though we may be impatient with her we cannot withhold our pity as, in the fading pages of her autobiography, we see this poor, foolish, lovely, life-unskilful creature battering herself for years through endless terrors of hell and feeble hopes of salvation; fumbling with religious problems far beyond her mental powers; asking herself in agony, 'Am I right with Heaven?'; thirsting to kneel in confession to somebody who could wash it all out, preferably, John Newman; pestering him with letters, all of which he would answer with an inexhaustible sympathy; falling into strange excesses as when she used to flagellate herself with the ropes of her trunk, then go to sleep on the hard floor, and rise, cold and stiff, three hours before morning to pray in a red robe with candles at Matins, in imitation of what she supposed to be the common practice of Roman Catholics. We are glad when we find her enjoying one happy period—it lasted for five years—during which she lived with a young woman named Selina Bacchus in *une petite maison convenable* at Cheltenham. 'We were one soul', she cries, 'one heart, in two bodies. *Chère petite amie! Comme elle me gâtait. Et comme je la gâtai*'. Then the usual thing happened. Selina married. And there was nothing again but God and Newman. Admittedly, either alone would have been a lot. I suppose nobody would refuse to pity such a person if she had been a hunchback with a squint eye? It was kind of Newman not to have been put off by her beauty. When beautiful women are stupid few people have any pity for them.

But she had another gift, which was not a small gift: her gift of loyalty, and her power to induce loyalty. Frank Newman carried her image with him for years. He carried his love for her with him to Baghdad when he went out there to persuade the Mohammedans to become Plymouth Brethren. After three years of this strange adventure—they said they found the Mohammedans 'peculiarly bigoted'—he returned and they met again; she all but fainted with the sensation of sudden heat and his body became as cold as ice. A young man whom we know only by his first name and his second initial, Robert M., fell in love with her when she was fifteen, went to India to make his name and fortune, sent home an intermediary named White, who instead of pleading for Robert treacherously proposed for himself. When Robert died, in India, years later, he still loved her so much that he left her all his money. When Newman had to stand trial in 1851 on the charge of libelling the Italian ex-Dominican friar Giacinto Achilli, who was then touring England, simultaneously telling horrific stories about the Roman Inquisition and seducing servant-girls, it was to Maria Rosina that he instinctively turned to bring Achilli's victims to England as witnesses for the defence.

Here one might, indeed must, see Maria Rosina at the centre of a comedy in the centre of a tragedy; for Newman was ultimately found guilty and the costs of the trial ran to £12,000. It was one of those jokes about which one says bitterly that it will be a great laugh in ten years' time, when Maria Rosina found herself stuck in Paris for five months, subject to the law's delays, with a bunch of seduced Neapolitan women, bored to exasperation, quarrelling night and day, drinking themselves into a stupor, daily imploring the Signorina to tell them when they would be allowed to go to London and describe the night that Father Achilli took them to bed. Maria's dreams, or fancies, of what she would endure for God and John Henry Newman can never have taken the form of this martyrdom. I may say that she performed her task with a total efficiency.

To Newman she brought another gift that was very precious to him. She was a link with his early manhood; with the world to which he said goodbye when he joined the Church of Rome: that world which none of his new companions knew anything about; that world of memories which was the world in which he lived inside the world in which they lived. (After his conversion even his sisters became foreign to him: he used that word 'foreign' about them.) He was the plant that had been transplanted, and like Heine's pine-tree in the lofty snow he would often dream of the warm plain. There is a telling reference in a letter he wrote to a friend when Isy Froude, later Baroness Anatole von Hügel, was received into the Catholic Church. He says that

for a young person the trial is less than for one older, because 'she will have no old ways, old associates, old ideas and tastes reviving' to interrupt the formation of a new personality. Maria was one whom he had carried over from his oldest ways.

How could either of those two, to the end of their days, forget that winter of 1846, so long ago, when she wrote to him that she wished, like him, to become a Catholic: and how they had met, discreetly, at a library in London, and Newman had said, 'Why, it is easy—I will call a cab and take you', and she had cried, 'Oh, not yet! Not yet!'—but he had already rung. Trembling with fear, she had sat in beside him in the cab, and the two had bowled along to her fate—the handsome Juno who was almost a Lesbian clutching the arm of the gentle ascetic who was almost a saint. Not until they were in the hall of the presbytery did Newman relinquish her arm. Then he opened the door of the parlour and closed it behind her.

I found myself face to face with this terrible priest, as he seemed to my excited imagination, although I found him most gentle, almost shy. He pressed my hand gently in the English fashion, which reassured me. I said, quite simply: 'Sir, I wish to be a Catholic. But I am afraid of what it will mean to my family and my friends'. I forget what he said to me. But I agreed to meet again, and to come the next time before one o'clock. Oh! How miserable I felt! It was as if I had agreed to cut my throat and immolate myself.

Three weeks later, there she is hurrying along the same streets, very late for her appointment, muttering: 'Oh God, if I'm to be a Catholic make him be at the house; if I ought not make him be gone out!' A few minutes later she is kneeling at a *prie-dieu* to confess her sins, while the priest sits concealed behind a folding-screen, leaving nothing visible but a large and very red ear with the locks about it.

I looked at the ear and wept silently. 'Shall I ask questions?' he asked. 'No! No!' At last I began, in spite of the efforts of the demon, and soon all my life spread before the eyes of my soul and flowed effortlessly from my lips... It finished in, I think, half an hour. I did not stir. I was filled with a peace until then unknown, and which I have felt only once since then.

When she told Newman his eyes flooded over with tears and his voice trembled as he said—this part of her story is in French: '*Maintenant je suis soulagé*'.

Naturally he would always think of her as much more than an acquaintance. She was 'one of the crowd'. Her dear Selina had married Dr. George Copeland, a brother of his curate at Littlemore. Selina was an aunt of Francis Bacchus who went over with him and became an Oratorian father. He probably liked her not in spite of the fact that she was a foolish woman but because she was. As the world ways he was not so very wise himself. It would not have prevented him from chuckling at her—the Newman family had always made fun of their friends—as when they were both given an audience with the Pope, and Maria flopped down, and seized the Pope's foot in both hands to kiss it. Newman gasped that it was a wonder she did not throw His Holiness on his back. But, then, when Newman bent down to bestow the kiss he knocked his head against the Pope's knee. Naturally he would always feel kindly towards her. At last, she entered a convent—it was with some difficulty that she got a convent to take her. And I think Newman must have felt just a little relieved.

—Third Programme

Orpheus Alone

Had we but known to-morrow would be this, a terminus of grief for vanished bliss, we would have acted otherwise and found a fate without a dire farewell, a ground where human hopes were safe.

There was no need, we learned too late, to know some other creed or spoil our carefree ways or know that all was fake. Still less undo the magic thrall of pleasant hours. Restless, we sought a road that was to ruin everything: a code of action. And we lost the way. Good-bye.

Good-bye, Eurydice. The time to sigh has come again. Shy harts and running streams will pause to hear me play. But not my dreams.

DWIGHT SMITH

Reflections on the Irving-Shaw Controversy

By GORDON CRAIG

A PARTICULAR friend of mine and of yours, in fact Mr. Val Gielgud, has asked me a few questions, which he thinks I can answer, about Henry Irving and Bernard Shaw. I can try. In a book I once wrote about Irving and his Lyceum Theatre, I attacked the gifted journalist and famous playwright rather too fiercely. That was many years ago and now I have no longer any wish to attack G.B.S. or to defend Irving. For Mr. Gielgud's questions have made me reconsider more carefully why any quarrel should have clouded the lives of these two famous men; and if it did, what it was all about.

Three Questions

For a long time I found no reasonable answer to these questions; it was all too petty. Let me now take the questions one by one, answer each and afterwards give you my final impressions. The questions were these: (1) Would a partnership between Irving and Shaw have been possible in 1896? (2) Was Shaw flirting with Ellen Terry by post only with this idea in mind, and did he stop corresponding when the hope turned out forlorn? (3) Can you see Irving as a Shavian hero, and what are your views on Shaw's early plays as a vehicle for Irving's genius?

I will take the second question first: the letters which passed between Ellen Terry and G.B.S. After having puzzled it over, I came to this conclusion: the letters are those of two first-rate comedians doing their turn, and they are funniest when most sentimental. Shaw in his letters to her is not like a serious suitor, not a genuine gallant at all. He is far more like Yorick the King's jester, 'a fellow of infinite jest'; 'a whoreson mad fellow' is how Shakespeare describes him. If we cannot quite fit him into this role, we can anyhow cast him for Gratiano from 'The Merchant of Venice', who is described by Shakespeare as one who spoke 'an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice'. He goes on to say, 'His reasons are as two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff. You shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have found them, they are not worth the search'. Just the sort of man that Ellen Terry would get along well with by post, for Ellen Terry was born laughing and laughed all her life long. As for the reason why those letters stopped coming: it must have been because no more were sent, and it would be the lady who stopped sending first.

As for the third question: Irving as a Shavian hero; doubtless if Irving had seen his way to embody any of Shaw's creations, he would have given as astonishing performances of them as he did of Mathias, Louis XI or Dr. Primrose. To those of you who never saw Irving act, this can mean nothing whatever; but you can realise, I think, that an Irving or a Garrick would never fail to illuminate any role that they might decide to play.

Finally: the possibility of a partnership between Irving and Shaw. I should say that 'impossible' is the reply; but let us consider the matter in detail for a moment. A partner is one who shares the risks and profits of any undertaking; and, presumably, he shares a certain sympathy with his fellow partner. Also, it is to be presumed, he likes the job he is concerned with to develop. Should he hate his partner, and should he hate the job, and that job the development of a theatre, and that partner Irving, this notion of partnership with such a man, in such a job might seem a queer thing. I fear that G.B.S. was not quite aware of what having to work with Irving in the Lyceum Theatre might come to mean.

At the time they met, Shaw was not recognised as almost the equal of Shakespeare, and somehow I do not think Irving recognised it either. Indeed, the news that Shaw was a second Shakespeare reached me only recently, and came as a great surprise. Still, there is no reason why any playwright and any great actor should not get along famously, Burbage and Shakespeare managed to. But there is a reason, and a most serious one, why Irving and Shaw failed to hit it off: I will come to that in a moment, although I am not then going to blame Shaw so as to exalt Irving. But before we come to it, let us consider some of the

lesser reasons why Shaw and Irving could not have been partners. Once inside the Lyceum Theatre Shaw would soon have wanted to dictate to everyone. He would have tried to teach Irving how to act and how to produce. I wonder if he would have been willing to allow Irving to rewrite half his play for him?

That Shaw had a firm admiration for Irving is certain; but he always wanted 'to be the only blackbird in the dish' and this would have soon prevented him from tolerating the very thought of Irving's presence, or anyone else's. Why, even the proximity of Granville Barker bothered him. Irving, on his part, seldom if ever expressed admiration for anything or anybody, though well aware of ability whenever he encountered it. He must have been aware of Shaw's ability, and must have regretted Shaw's pugnacity and vanity. That Shaw was a very remarkable journalist, so well tempered and so entertaining, all this has to be admitted. He was a very great journalist. But was he ever a great dramatist? His play was sharp and comic, but he delighted in paradox, and the great British public—the better parts of it, the pit and the gallery public—these were not in the least interested in paradox, and preferred not to have everything turned topsyturvy, which was Shaw's special fancy. Some people liked it, of course: but the big theatre-going public did not like it.

If Irving was an inspired actor, he was also a very practical man; and if sceptical—if he had not the belief which moves mountains, as William Blake puts it—he certainly had that belief which moves a theatrical-minded public. In this power he was supreme. How then could he tolerate an author like the intellectual agnostic Shaw, whom I believe he considered to be a whipper-snapper? As well ask the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope to tolerate collaboration with a composer of some fifteen new hymns—and those in praise of disorder and distrust. There was also, maybe, some slight nausea felt by Irving, knowing that Shaw was doing his level worst to draw Ellen Terry away from the Lyceum.

Automatic Abuser of Theatre Managers

Of the extent of this annoyance I cannot properly judge: but we do know that no other author of plays in England was ever so lacking in taste. Shaw was an incessant flatterer of most actresses, while abusing their managers; and it became with him automatic. But of course Irving, having for seventeen years managed to do without any partner (leaving Ellen Terry out of it for the moment, since all her partnership consisted of loving help at every moment), stood in no exact need of Shaw, which is important; anyhow at Tree's theatre later on Shaw did do his best to interfere with the stage management and this led to squabbles; but a squabble was quite out of the question on Irving's stage. Once you realise that, you will see how impossible it would have been to let Shaw on to it.

Now comes the last question: if Shaw's presence was debarred, would his plays have been of use in the Lyceum? If they were as good as Shakespeare's best, as good as 'Hamlet', 'The Merchant of Venice', 'Much Ado About Nothing', they should have been of very great use to the Lyceum Theatre and the theatre of great use to the author of them. But were they even one-third as good as Shakespeare's best? Were they as good, for example, and as useful, as 'The Tempest', 'As You Like It', 'The Winter's Tale', 'The Merry Wives of Windsor', 'Henry IV', 'Julius Caesar', 'Antony and Cleopatra', 'Timon of Athens', 'Measure for Measure'? Were Shaw's plays superior to these nine? And Irving rejected all of the nine. And surely this is an argument: he produced no play by Marlowe: none by Ford, or Chapman—or Ben Jonson, and it was not because he did not consider these works magnificent, but they were not to his purpose.

Why then, rejecting these masterpieces, should he suddenly accept a little play by Bernard Shaw, or a great one by Bernard Shaw? Had Shaw written one of his Shakespearean kind by that time? Shaw as a playwright lacks the power to startle. That is not to say that he is not full of surprises; but they are all intellectual surprises. However, excitement, fear, wonder, in short, the explosive—that, his plays lack.

'The Bells', 'The Lyons Mail', 'Louis XI', and 'Corsican Brothers' always startled, always exploded, so did 'Hamlet', so did 'The Merchant of Venice': they astonished the house by the unexpected. Irving knew, what you too must know, that surprise and shock are essential in drama. In Mr. Laurence Irving's book you will find it emphasised that jog-trot plays, merely witty plays, poetic plays, and plays without a dozen or more thrills in them, were useless in those hardy times between 1870 and 1890 in London; and when we take down our translations by that genius who translated for us the Greek drama, Professor Gilbert Murray, we find in 'The Bacchae' for instance, and in the 'Agamemnon' and, in fact, in all the wonderful plays, unexpected and startling action over and over again, and moreover not that alone but that as an essential. There were Spanish and Italian plays too which, if finely translated, would have served Irving. But none were to his purpose; so it is rather absurd for anyone to suppose that the rejection of Shaw's plays was anything exceptional.

These, then, are some of the minor reasons why a partnership between Irving and Shaw was impossible, and you will surely find even better reasons given by Mr. Laurence Irving in his masterly book on his grandfather. But no little reason can ever satisfactorily explain why two giants quarrel. What, then, was the quarrel about—and where was the difference? The difference lay in an only too common similarity: they quarrelled because they were alike in one thing—and that the most

wicked thing on earth. Each was possessed by the same demon, ambition: overwhelming and awful personal ambition. This ambition, how weird it is, yet how farcical, and how utterly unprofitable!

Consider for a moment this immense delusion of so-called 'great men', who obstinately fool themselves that this petty shattering thing, ambition, is a virtue. 'By that sin fell the angels', I heard the great cardinal saying as I knelt at his feet, when I was playing the part of young Thomas Cromwell, and my master was the cardinal, Cardinal Wolsey. Irving's voice, moving steadily on (no trumpeting, but the quiet voice of an illuminated man) would repeat to me night after night those solemn words:

Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition—
By that sin fell the angels.

And Irving would lay his hand on my head, as I knelt by him in that vast dusky silent hall, painted, I believe, by the efficient Harker.

Yes: Lucifer, son of the morning, fell through ambition, born of petty conceit, and in falling did great harm to himself, but harmed Heaven not at all. And so when Irving and Shaw quarrelled, not merely with each other but over principle, they, too, fell apart, hurt themselves, and in falling did no harm to that spirit by which the arts are sustained. They hurt themselves, and maybe they hurt both the stage and the press, but the laws which govern all the arts remain unscathed.—*Third Programme*

Elizabeth Robins as I Knew Her

By DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE

I AM going to tell you about a very distinguished woman, a great pioneer in the theatre, who died a few weeks ago in her ninetieth year—Elizabeth Robins. The young generation has probably never heard of her: most of those who saw her act and were her fellow workers, have passed on, and achievements in the theatre are not remembered long unless there has been something spectacular in the life of the actor; and Elizabeth Robins left the stage while still in her prime and devoted herself to writing. She told me many years later that she gave it up because she found little in the theatre world that was satisfying or commended itself to her as a way of life, though she retained always her enthusiasm for the work itself. It is no wonder, then, that when her death was announced by the B.B.C. and her obituary notices appeared, many people wondered who she was and what sort she was.

She was an American, born in 1862 in that romantic and beautiful Kentucky, living the sheltered cultured life of the old gentry class of the south, and at sixteen years old came this violent passion for the stage as a career. Her father took her off to the Rocky Mountains, hoping to get the poison out of her blood, but those glorious mountains only gave her more and more the impetus to express in the theatre something of their own bigness which matched her bigness. So back she came and somehow secured herself a job with a stock company, and afterwards with the great Edwin Booth, with whom she toured the States and played all sorts of parts. She used to tell me what invaluable lessons she learned from that fine actor, what a friend he was, and how he stimulated her and fanned her fire of enthusiasm, that fire which never was put out.

She came to England in 1882, met Oscar Wilde at some social function or other, and he was responsible for introducing her to the English theatre world—

to Beerbohm Tree, Charles Wyndham, Hare and others, with whom she did a certain amount of work. She also met, and became great friends with, Henry James and William Archer, Sir Hugh Bell, iron-master and father of Gertrude Bell of Arab fame, and Lady Bell: in fact she met most of the distinguished literary people of that time. But what gave her the name of a great pioneer was her introducing into this country the plays of Henrik Ibsen. She had visited Norway, and had been completely swept off her feet with enthusiasm for those

tremendous dramas, and coming back to England with, I believe, the stage rights in her pocket, she seized on her friend, William Archer, who had translated the plays into English, and joined forces with him to bring about the first season of Ibsen. This created an uproar: you have only to read the press criticisms of the period to realise what a revolution took place then in the theatre. Thunderings of abuse were hurled from all quarters; but on they went, having gathered round them a band of actors, men and women brave enough to launch those daring plays on a public fed on very different kind of fare.

Elizabeth Robins played Hedda Gabler, Hilda Wangel in 'The Master Builder', Rebecca West in 'Rosmersholm', 'Agnes in 'Brand'; then there was 'A Doll's House', 'Pillars of Society', 'Little Eyolf', 'John Gabriel Borkman'—this surge of mighty drama was like the Rocky Mountains or great sea waves, and she played these great roles, probably producing as well (the producer was not quite so much in evidence in those days), and to judge by the criticisms of Bernard Shaw, she must have been an astonishing and most daring actress.

But I do not want to give you just facts of her life and dates: those, who want details, can find them in her obituary notices or in theatre reference books. I want to tell you what I know of her per-



Elizabeth Robins in 1891, when she was twenty-nine
Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection

sonally, and something of that vital life she communicated to me and to those friends in my generation, who had the privilege of knowing her.

I met her in 1919, when I was playing matinees of Euripides' 'Trojan Women' at the Old Vic. She came behind the scenes with my friend and her friend, Lady Bell: Lady Bell was like a second mother to me and helped me in my theatre work and music almost more than any other woman; she was a considerable playwright herself and also a friend of William Archer's, and, through him and Elizabeth Robins, she was very much concerned in those first productions of Ibsen. She had always talked to me of Lisa Robins and meant to bring us together one day, so imagine my pleasure when into my stuffy little Old Vic dressing-room walked Lady Bell and a little lady with a face like Eleonora Duse, whom she introduced as Elizabeth Robins. I will never forget the effect of her eyes. I think, except for Duse, I have never seen such eyes. There did actually seem to be a light behind them that could pierce through outward and visible things and see the invisible.

Beginning of Friendship

We talked only a little that day, for I had to rush away from the Old Vic and the Trojans to play my nightly melodrama at Drury Lane. But it was the beginning of friendship and many interesting talks; always our discussions of plays and parts and interpretations was somehow on a different level, a higher level than the usual theatre talk: it was as if she had taken me to another plane of being, and I believe it must have been that quality which made her Hilda Wangel and her Hedda Gabler so arresting. Great actors have a way of transforming ordinary mortals into giants—into symbols—and whenever I talked to Lisa, everything became larger size, more significant. I saw her actually play in the theatre only once, in 'Paolo and Francesca' with George Alexander and Henry Ainley; it was quite a theatrical role, of an older woman, and it was before I knew enough to realise what she was doing; I never saw her in her great roles.

After George Alexander had seen her Ibsen performances, he engaged her to play Mrs. Tanqueray in its first production; and this story will tell you just how big a person she was. To be engaged to play that fine and tremendously theatrical part was a great chance, and in the west end, the Mecca of the theatre, and I gather she was much intrigued and thrilled to have the stamp of success and respectability on her after the revolutionary season she had come through! Just before rehearsals were to start Alexander sent for her, and said he and the author had seen the exact person for the part of Mrs. Tanqueray, one for whom it might have been written, and though he knew Miss Robins would give a fine and brilliantly intelligent and intellectual rendering of the part, yet it could not be quite the same as that given by someone who was perfectly suited, etc., etc. Would she be generous enough to give up the part? Her salary would be paid just the same, of course (as if Lisa cared about salary!). She told me when he had finished speaking, she sat silent and thought, 'Well, that chance has gone, and if this other woman is more right than I am, I must not hesitate', and she gave up the part to the woman, who made an instantaneous and electrifying success—Mrs. Patrick Campbell. No jealousy, no grudging; and she played with Mrs. Campbell afterwards in performances of 'Little Eyolf', when Mrs. Campbell was the Rat Wife and Janet Achurch the Rita.

Lisa played for a while too in the Granville Barker season at the Court Theatre, writing and playing in 'Votes for Women', her contribution to the crusade that was going on then; but, as I told you before, the theatre life was not permanently for her. Luckily she had another outlet, her writing; she had written a novel in 1898 under another name, and then something happened—a big experience which resulted in her name becoming famous as a writer. A dearly-loved young brother had gone to the Klondike in the gold rush; having heard nothing of him for a long time, and fearful that all sorts of dreadful things might be happening to him, Lisa determined to go out to look for him. Everyone thought it mad, and it was W. T. Stead who encouraged her, and even advanced her the money to go. So off she went, with fear and trembling, I expect, but with that undaunted adventurous spirit which never failed her.

After all sorts of happenings and tribulations she did find him; he was ill, and she nursed him back to health; then out of that experience she wrote that splendid book, *The Magnetic North*. It was a best seller, and brought her great praise and fame. It must have delighted that brother she loved so much, to feel that their experience together had made a fine work of art. Other books followed: the book on Henry

James and his letters, *Theatre and Friendship*, was widely read, and her autobiography *Both Sides of the Curtain*—and more and more.

I told you that I never saw her play Hedda, or the part she cared for most, Hilda Wangel, but in our talks together she would go through scenes till I feel now as if I had seen them actually on the stage. I can literally see her burning the Lövborg manuscript, see her vivid hands thrusting it away in the fire, so keenly did she represent it to me; and the spurring on of Solness in 'The Master Builder' to mount the tower he had built, I can see that too, sitting as we used to in Lady Bell's music room, and Lisa with those eyes of fire, and voice haunting and vibrant, making me almost leap in the air with excitement.

I remember, too, the fear she put into me, when I told her I was to play St. Joan in the play which Bernard Shaw was writing. Did I realise, she said, the responsibility I was taking on myself? I must think very carefully before daring to impersonate one who was the ideal, almost idol, for so many people. 'Be sure what you are undertaking has nothing in it of self ambition', she said. 'This is not just another part in the theatre; you know'. I know I felt thoroughly alarmed that I was about to commit some sort of sacrilege; of course, she was also afraid that G.B.S. might be out to scoff! However, when I showed her the finished play and what G.B.S. was requiring of me, she frightened me no more, but encouraged and stimulated me.

Some little while ago, after a bad illness, she was convalescing in the home of Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan at Wallington, Northumberland. Lady Trevelyan was a daughter of Lady Bell, and her home was always open to Lisa. My husband and I were playing at Newcastle, and staying out at Wallington. Lady Trevelyan warned us that Lisa was very frail and must not be excited much, so Lewis and I were prepared to be very quiet and sympathetic and restful. She came into the room looking like a little ghost with blazing eyes, and sat down between us; then we started to talk. In one moment old age and illness were forgotten and she was giving us vivid descriptions of Booth's performance in this, and how he took certain passages in that, and the years dropped off her, and there was Hedda—there was Hilda Wangel, Rebecca West, Agnes Brand, all in a moment of time performed before us. We were overwhelmed and realised this was true acting, this transforming of feeble flesh into spirit and fire; and it did not exhaust her, frail as she was, but rather gave her life again, for spirit is inexhaustible.

The actor's art is ephemeral; nothing tangible remains, but we, who loved Lisa Robins and recognised her power, have something of her spirit in us, which we in turn pass on. The actor's art, by its very intangibility, may have an unconscious life, which is as powerful and durable as the arts that are materially indestructible.

The Perfect Audience

Two years ago, when we were playing 'Treasure Hunt' at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, there was Elizabeth Robins in the front row, nearly eighty-eight years old. Seeing her there put us both very much 'on our toes', and afterwards in the dressing room she was finding significances in the play far greater than the authors imagined! What a perfect audience she was—seeing what one was trying to do with that eagle eye of fire. She had that year flown to America—and she went alone. She told us about the journey with the zest of Hilda Wangel.

When last I saw her, in bed, very, very frail, in the home she shared with Dr. Octavia Wilberforce at Brighton, she gave me an enthralling talk on the theatre of the past: what it signified, how it was progressing, and where it was failing in its service. I happened to say to her 'If it had not been for you, we might not have seen Ibsen—anyway not so soon'. She said, 'There is always someone to start a new chapter, and I am lucky to have taken part in that revolutionary chapter of the theatre'. In her ninetieth year she was, and I could feel the mind that grows not old—however feeble the body; hear the voice still vital and alert; see the light in her eyes as she talked. She has now passed on, and we, who are left to go on with our work, breathe a prayer of gratitude for that daring adventurous spirit, and the fire that was in her eyes.—*Third Programme*

Hamish Hamilton commemorates twenty-one years of publishing, 1931-1952, with the production of *Majority*, an anthology. This handsome volume of more than 1,000 pages costs 25s., and contains Nancy Mitford's novel *The Pursuit of Love*, Albert Camus' *The Outsider*, *The Unquiet Grave*, by 'Palinurus', 'The Browning Version' and 'Huis Clos', by Terence Rattigan and Sartre respectively, poems by Kathleen Raine and Paul Dehn, and many other notable essays, stories and excerpts, by Alan Moorehead, L. B. Namier, Harold Nicolson, Jack Jones, Bemelmans, Raymond Chandler, John Collier, James Thurber and Denton Welch.

The Duveen Era

By HERBERT READ

PERHAPS Mr. Behrman's book* asks for only care-free enjoyment. Slick, witty, gorgeously entertaining, it seeks to do no more than present, sprayed with cellulose, one of the most colourful personalities of our time. Mr. Behrman is a playwright by profession, and his method is dramatic: six separate scenes (to fit six successive issues of *The New Yorker*), each with his comic hero firmly in possession of the stage. The information (of which there is a good deal) is given in asides, but in the end we have a complete picture of the man who transformed not only art dealing, but also, to a considerable extent, art history and what might be called the public status of art.

The story itself is fascinating—a success story more replete than any other in improbable detail, beginning with birth in the improbable city of Hull and ending with a beatific death as a most improbable peer of the British realm. This transmutation was accomplished by techniques which are fully described in Mr. Behrman's book, but they are not techniques which can be imitated, for they are all variations of a superb confidence trick, put over by a personality of almost irresistible force. Even granted another personality like Duveen's, the trick would no longer work because the times have changed. The Duveen era is past and gone, and nothing like it will ever occur again, simply because its economic foundations have perished. It is not merely that taxation has now frozen the golden streams on which a Duveen could float; the commodities have disappeared, sequestered in the marble vaults we call museums. It may be that in Texas or the Argentine innocent millionaires may still be found willing to buy immortality by the simple process of accumulating an art collection which on their death will pass to still more magnificent galleries in Dallas or Tucuman, but what a second-rate, provincial apotheosis that would be by Duveen standards! No; Joe pre-empted all the best sites, on Millbank, Fifth Avenue and 'by the obelisk near the pond' in Washington. Besides, to ensure immortality the collection must consist of 'Duveens', and only Duveen could create a Duveen. It is this conception of 'a Duveen' which calls for our moralising comment.

There is little evidence to suggest that Duveen had any native aesthetic sensibility—he was essentially a vulgar man with vulgar tastes. But he had a flair for the good, the beautiful and the true, in the trade sense of those terms, and the rest could be paid for—the rest being the judgment that depends on knowledge and sensibility. The most interesting chapter in Mr. Behrman's book is the fourth, simply entitled 'B.B.'. It describes Duveen's relations with the greatest art expert of the Duveen era, Bernard Berenson. There can be little doubt that Duveen would have become a successful art dealer if he had never met Berenson, but the combination of their talents was unique—it could overcome every kind of sales resistance. The combination worked in the following way: 'Duveen asked Berenson to become his paid adviser on Italian pictures. Berenson would authenticate pictures for him and would tell him what pictures he considered worth buying. Duveen would give him an annual retaining fee and a commission on sales. Berenson accepted, on condition that he should have nothing whatever to do with the selling. Duveen was perfectly satisfied; after all, when it came to selling pictures, he did not need anybody's help. This arrangement was to continue for thirty years, and to bring Berenson an affluence unprecedented in the world of scholarship'—and wistful regrets which he expressed in his autobiography, *Sketch for a Self-Portrait*.

The Duveen technique involved a reversal of the usual market laws. The problem was not to find a price at which a commodity could pass from a source of supply to a purchaser through a middle-man with satisfaction to all concerned. The problem was to create a price which would lift the commodity out of the rut of market laws and make it a unique thing, to be acquired for its uniqueness and not for its intrinsic value. The simplest way of doing this was to create an immense reputation for an artist to whom few paintings could be attributed—Giorgione, for instance; or, where the works left by the artists were numerous, then to isolate a particular phase or period and give the works of this phase or period a value out of all proportion to the value of the rest of that artist's work. A 'Duveen', as opposed to a simple work of art, is a painting to which some kind of uniqueness can be attributed, and which can then be endowed with a fantastic commercial value.

That important and aesthetically enjoyable collections were built up by this method is not to be denied. But its effects on the criticism of art were deplorable, and continue to be deplorable. Berenson himself has described the process:

I soon discovered that I ranked with fortune-tellers, chiromancers, astrologers, and not even with the self-deluded of these, but rather with the deliberate charlatans. At first I was supposed to have invented a trick by which one could infallibly tell the authorship of an Italian picture. . . . Finally it degenerated into a widespread belief that if only I could be approached the right way I could order this or that American millionaire to pay thousands upon thousands and hundreds of thousands for any daub I was bribed by the seller to attribute to a great master. . . .

Berenson maintained his integrity, but a method had been created which in less scrupulous hands has demoralised historical scholarship and substituted commercial values for aesthetic values. More subtly, it has given historical criticism a prestige which is denied to aesthetic criticism.

The question whether a particular painting is the work of Mantegna or Girolamo da Cremona, of Titian or Giorgione, is not really very important except for purposes of classification; that it has become immensely important in modern art scholarship is one of the remoter effects of the capitalistic system.

Mr. Behrman has his own moral justification for his hero—he made his clients happy. 'Duveen gave his clients a perpetual sense of being in Paris. . . . The private lives of these sad tycoons were often bitter; their children and their family life disappointed them. The fathers had too much to give; the returns were often in inverse ratio to the size of the gifts. They knew that they were ruining their children and yet they didn't know how to stop it. Their children made disastrous marriages, got killed in racing cars, had to pay blackmail to avoid scandal. But with the works of art it was different. They asked for nothing. They were rewarding. They shed their radiance, and it was a lovely, soothing light. You could take them or leave them, and when you had visitors you could bask in the admiration the pictures and sculptures excited, which was directed towards you even more subtly than towards them, as if you yourself had gathered them and, even, created them. The works of art became their children'.

If we have pity for the hard lot of millionaires, then Lord Duveen of Millbank must be regarded as one of the world's great humanitarians. His last words were: 'Well, I fooled 'em for five years'. He had fooled them for fifty, and he died happily realising that fact four months before the beginning of the war that brought his era to an end.



'Duveen': one of the illustrations by Saul Steinberg to Mr. Behrman's book

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Lesbia Brandon. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. With an historical and critical commentary, being largely a study (and elevation) of Swinburne as a novelist by Randolph Hughes. Falcon Press. 35s.

THIS IS A BULKY and extraordinary volume. Rather less than two hundred pages contain Swinburne's unpublished novel *Lesbia Brandon*. The remaining four hundred consist of a commentary, literary, moral and textual, by Mr. Hughes. To begin with Swinburne. *Lesbia Brandon* (the title, we learn, is not Swinburne's) has long remained in chaotic manuscript, and hardly less chaotic galleys which the poet had printed for his own use. It is a sort of companion piece to *Love's Cross-Currents*, Swinburne's other attempt at fiction, printed only in the Bonchurch edition. But *Lesbia Brandon* is intended to be shocking—Swinburne describes it as a piece 'which I flatter myself will be more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything I have yet done'; and the influence of Watts-Dunton during Swinburne's life and that of Gosse after his death prevented publication. Well, here we have it; hold tight and prepare for the worst.

The first part is mostly about the flogging of a boy, Herbert Seyton, by his tutor; a sort of collaboration between the Marquis de Sade and the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. The second part divides the interest between an obscure, tragic and quasi-incestuous love-intrigue; and the love of the now grown-up Herbert for Lesbia Brandon. She is constitutionally incapable of returning his passion, perhaps for the reason suggested by her name. Intermingled with these themes are some clever, rather Meredithian social comedy; some poetry—the best of it rather good ballad-pastiche already published elsewhere; some fine descriptive passages, and some of rarefied emotional intensity. The book is unfinished, and apart from evident lacunae, the plot is utterly chaotic. Even Mr. Hughes' ingenuity does not succeed in establishing what really happens, and no sort of case can be made for the thing as a novel.

The characters are shadowy and attenuated, yet they are tricked out at times with a disconcerting circumstantial detail; the situations hover uneasily between a sort of naturalism and a frank abandonment to the moods of romantic decadence. Mr. Hughes illustrates very fully Swinburne's French analogues and predecessors. The divine Marquis, Gautier and Balzac are obviously in the background. But one is often reminded too of later cultivators of the cruel and the exotic—Villiers and Huysmans; which is perhaps to say that Swinburne is not only borrowing a mode from France, but also developing it, as it is not elsewhere developed in English. The prose has often great delicacy and distinction; it is far superior, for instance, to the pinchbeck aestheticisms of Wilde; but alas, the dismal and tedious obsession of the earlier chapters disastrously relegate the book to the rank of a curiosity.

Now for Mr. Hughes. He is a supreme example of the crotchety expert. One is quite willing to believe that he knows more about Swinburne than any man living. His work on the disordered text is patient, learned and worthy of a better cause. He shows up the often exposed Wise, that unscrupulous collector of Victorian manuscripts; but that is not surprising; he lays bare the incompetencies and timidities of Gosse;

but that is hardly more so; he even corrects certain errors of fact in the work of Lafourcade. But here he goes too far. Lafourcade's *Jeunesse de Swinburne* is by far the most thorough and balanced study of Swinburne that we possess. The mistakes that Mr. Hughes discovers are not of any great importance; nothing that he finds lessens Lafourcade's scholarly or critical integrity. But Mr. Hughes showers him—as well as almost everyone else who has written about Swinburne—with crude and ill-tempered abuse. Astringency in scholarship is often welcome; common bad temper is not. And if anyone thought it worth while to reply, Mr. Hughes leaves his flanks dangerously exposed. His critical judgments are naive and eccentric in the extreme; his comments on contemporary literature are merely silly; and what is one to think of a writer who at this late date thinks it worth while to waste powder and shot on Saintsbury as a critic of the novel?

Mr. Hughes is franker about Swinburne's perversities than has been common in treatments meant for the general reader; but the weight he attaches to his not very astonishing candour gives his book a curiously old-fashioned air. He shows little psychological insight, and both Lafourcade's study which he despises, and *The Romantic Agony* of Professor Praz which he does not mention, have told us far more. In his dealings with the text he is probably unassailable; but this useful task has been preposterously inflated to a giant's bulk. The result is an odd, informative, but in the end rather distressing piece of work.

The Writer and the Absolute

By Wyndham Lewis. Methuen. 21s.

The premiss on which Mr. Lewis bases his polemic is stated openly in his conclusion—'you are certain to be poor if you remain truthful'. He looks round him and sees certain authors—authors trespassing in his own literary territory—who are highly fashionable and presumably not poor. They must, Mr. Lewis suspects, be untruthful, and he therefore subjects them to his own brand of nagging destructive criticism, leaving them in a somewhat distressed condition. He does not kill them off because he never seems to get to the heart or other vital spots of his enemies. He devotes most space to Sartre, but it is Sartre the polemical journalist, the editor of *Temps Modernes*—not the author of *Les Chemins de la Liberté* or *L'Être et le Néant*. He attacks Camus, but it is the ex-editor of *Combat* and the author of a short story called 'L'Etranger'—not the author of *La Peste*, which is surely one of the most considerable novels published in any country since the war. Malraux is attacked with aid from one of his personal enemies, Claude Mauriac; nowhere does Mr. Lewis attempt an estimate of Malraux's creative achievement, and that beautiful work, *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg*, where Mr. Lewis would have found some of his own ideas forcibly expressed, is not mentioned at all. He deals more fairly with George Orwell, the only English author in his penitentiary, but then Orwell died a free man, in Mr. Lewis' interpretation of that phrase.

Mr. Lewis believes that the authors he deals with, and many others no doubt, are no longer free. They are 'superstitious bondsmen of a fashion' 'ideologically restricted'. They are dominated by the political Absolute, and although they may, like Sartre, detach themselves from all the parties in power, or striving for power, they continue to flirt with the possi-

bilities of political affiliation. Mr. Lewis is an individualist—an egoist on his own—and so long as he is defending his own right to exist (and to exist by his pen) his point of view is understandable. But the people he is attacking are altruists—people with a social conscience; and they engage in politics (often to the detriment of their creative writing) because they believe that economic conditions must be changed before there can be any vital culture. It is difficult to determine whether Mr. Lewis has any positive ideas about politics. He speaks wistfully of 'the cool good sense and politeness surviving from the eighteenth century until quite recently'; and probably believes in some hieratic structure of society in which a ruling caste of rational aristocrats would extend their patronage to authors engaged in a disinterested search for the truth. Such a nostalgic longing has little logical connection with 'the unpropitious nature of the times', and that is perhaps why Mr. Lewis is rather shy about his little pipe-dream.

But it can be said of all the authors he does attack that, however objectionable their views may be, at least they are relevant: they make a sincere attempt to solve desperately pressing problems. Mr. Lewis confesses that he still automatically engages in the defence of a phantom—western society of the eighteenth-century pattern. Sartre, Camus and Malraux, engaged in the defence of a reality—their liberty as writers in contemporary society—and in the elucidation of a political programme that will guarantee them that liberty. Until Mr. Lewis can produce something better than a phantom to defend, the intelligent public will probably still prefer to listen to those writers who, however absurdly, face up to the concreteness and immediacy of a revolutionary situation.

W. B. Yeats: Self-Critic. By Thomas Parkinson. Cambridge. 21s.

At first sight this might seem one of those many American works of scholarship, which turn out only to be theses written for university honours. It is a piece of research—and pretends to be nothing else—into the changes and revisions which W. B. Yeats made at various periods in the process of re-writing his early poems.

In fact, the subject in itself is so important, so relevant to the development of poetry between 1880 and 1939, and Professor Parkinson so excellent a critic, that it turns out to be one of the best critical studies of Yeats. Professor Parkinson criticises, with the finest understanding, Yeats' own lifelong process of self-criticism. What emerges is that criticism of his own work was an aspect of Yeats' genius inseparable from his creativity. His development was the direct result of a self-dissatisfaction—above all a dissatisfaction with his own early work—which nagged at him right up to the end of his life, so that as late as 1923 we find him rewriting a poem first published over thirty years previously. Some of his poems appeared in versions that reflect his different views of poetry at all the stages of his poetic development.

From a study of Yeats' re-writings, psychologists might discover important evidence about the degrees to which a man is, at various distances of time, in touch or out of touch with his own past development. With Yeats, Professor Parkinson seems to suggest that there was an optimum moment of development, some years after he had first published a poem, when he understood what he meant to express better than at the time of writing it. The 1895 and

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1901 versions of 'The Indian to his Love' are not just improvements: they are the discovery of lines which seem inevitably right. The original version published in 1889 reads like a fumbling attempt to reach for something already outlined within the inspiration but not fully expressed until the later dates. The final version reads like something perfectly remembered, which the poet could not completely recollect in 1889.

On the other hand, revisions written much later than ten years after the original inspiration seem either to produce a poem scarcely related to the 'corrected' poem, or what Professor Parkinson calls the effect of a 'double exposure' on the same negative. 'Intending to express better what he had thought and felt as a young man, he often composed a poem that wholly or partly expressed what he believed . . . he should have thought and felt as a young man'.

Interesting and suggestive as all this is, this book has an even greater significance. For it is a study of how the greatest modern poet in the English language, having been brought up in one poetic convention, developed a consciousness of poetic aims which could not be expressed within that manner. He acquired a critical-creative distaste for the forms and conventions of language, though not with the material, of his own early work, which led him to have an irritable desire to recast the poems which he had written in the manner he had come to despise. Professor Parkinson shows that Yeats' divine self-irritation in the long run is not only a critique of the manner of the 'eighties and the 'nineties, but also of much modern poetry. For he makes the point that Yeats was aiming above all at a clarity and simplicity not attained by most contemporaries. Symbolism, for example, is shown to be a by-path down which he trod, to be rescued from its entanglements by his experiments in the drama.

Blundell's Diary and Letter Book, 1702-1728

Edited by Margaret Blundell.

University of Liverpool Press. 20s.

In a moment of dejection, Nicolas Blundell wrote in the preface of his *Great Diurnal*: 'This work of mine may seem to some to be very useless'. Certainly he never spared himself, for all the tedious detail of his life is there. The number of thorn trees he had grown to break the drift of sand on the windswept Lancashire coast where his estate lay; the numbers of bricks baked for his priest's house with its discreet chapel in the garret; the number of adders caught in the stable yard; windmills in Flanders, churches in Antwerp. Methodically they are all entered, rarely giving rise to the least reflection; a dull, concentrated task by a dull, unexciting man, enclosed in a private world of meticulously recorded fact. Nicolas Blundell was not an attractive character; neither was his shrewish, quarrelsome wife nor their lumpish daughters who move dimly through the pages of the diurnal, being purged, vomited or cupped. And yet such is the mysterious process of time that the trivial facts of Blundell's life have acquired universality and a touch of arid poetry.

The absence of reflection gives a direct impact to these details which create a vivid picture of the lives of the small catholic squires whose families had been rooted to this corner of Lancashire for time out of mind. It was a small, closely interlocked society in which the common bond of a persecuted faith drew master and man into a close social harmony. Blundell would eat his pancakes in the modest cottages of his tenants; drink with the village mason; play cards with his steward. But in all of this the isolation of life also played its part. Pleasures were simple or home-made; dances to the pipes

and fiddle; a visit to a neighbour's barn to watch a band of strolling players; excursions to Liverpool or Ormskirk races; a pilgrimage to Holywell across the treacherous sands of Dee. Only rarely did Blundell venture from his neighbourhood. The two great occasions were when he took his daughters to their convent school in Flanders and fetched them home again.

Yet circumscribed as this life was it was neither simple nor monotonous. Professional men were rare and expensive and the squire was often forced to be his own architect, physician and lawyer. Having learned a cure he did not hesitate to apply it to his tenants, and recipes for all ills were carefully recorded. Indeed one of the most lasting impressions of this sober record is of the appalling amount of sickness, men and women suffered; it is little wonder that they grasped eagerly at proffered panaceas, no matter how painful. Blundell immersed his daughter in his cellar well, had running sores cut in her arms and finally, in desperation, pulled out her hair by the roots, in the hope of curing her of a skin eruption. This diary reveals a hard, grim existence for both rich and poor, a life more akin to that of the middle ages than to the modern world. The same is true of Blundell's estate management and domestic economy; the old unchanging pattern of life had been but little modified—better yields of corn and fatter cattle; a few improved contrivances, one or two luxuries, a knowledge of a wider world, but in essence it was the same life that Blundells had lived at Crosby for 500 years. By the end of the century it was destroyed for ever.

Miss Blundell has used great skill in presenting her very difficult material in a way that is at once attractive to the general reader and useful to the scholar. She has constructed a vivid picture of the lives of the lesser gentry and of the tenacious Catholic society of Lancashire. Her book would have had even greater value for the economic historian if she had devoted more space to Blundell's accounts and given greater prominence to the management of his estates. Nevertheless Blundell's *Great Diurnal* will be a quarry for future social historians, who will be indebted to the care and scholarship which Miss Blundell has lavished upon it.

Dante as a Political Thinker

By A. P. d'Entrèves. Oxford. 10s. 6d.

Dante the Poet has overshadowed Dante the Political Thinker. None the less Dante may justly lay claim to high rank among political scientists and philosophers because in the *Monarchia* he wrote at one and the same time what Lord Bryce styled 'the epitaph' of the Holy Roman Empire and what that great Dantist Gentile, with rare insight, described as 'the first act of rebellion against Scholastic transcendence'. His importance as a political theorist derives from the fact that Dante was seeking to go beyond the narrow confines of medieval political theory into a wider—universal—conception of a world-State that, as Professor d'Entrèves admirably expresses it, should be 'the incarnation of a moral end as well as of a legal principle'. And Professor d'Entrèves points out in his scholarly and stimulating study of Dante's thought on the three great subjects of *civitas*, *imperium*, and *ecclesia* that what is most remarkable is 'to find the Aristotelian argument for the rational foundation of the State as the realisation of human ends, extended to prove the necessity of the world-State if the end of the human race as a whole (the *genus humanum*) is to be attained'. Moreover, Dante believed that 'the work proper to the human race, taken as a whole, is to keep the whole capacity of the potential intellect constantly actualised': a task that could not be achieved except by means of

unified direction by a single omnipotent authority. Here Dante found himself confronted with a problem that was never more real or—apparently—insoluble than it is today. Professor d'Entrèves admirably defines this problem in these words: 'If the end of the whole human race is more important than that of its components, does the part—the individual—thereby cease to be an end in itself?' And he justly comments: 'This conclusion would hardly be compatible with the Christian notion of the absolute value of human personality'.

It is indeed a remarkable and perhaps sobering discovery to find from Professor d'Entrèves' able analysis of Dante's political thought that the ideological conflicts that stirred men's minds 600 years ago were in their essence little different from those that trouble the present-day world. For this reason alone Professor d'Entrèves' reprint of his Barlow Lectures delivered at University College in London early in 1951 is to be warmly welcomed and deserves to be read not only by Dantists and political scientists but also by everyone seeking a solution to the great ideological conflict that today divides the world into two seemingly irreconcilably hostile camps.

Ordeal by Slander. By Owen Lattimore.

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Professor Lattimore is not only a recognised authority on China, he is also a courageous man. In facing the Senatorial Committee, which was investigating Senator McCarthy's charges that he was the top Soviet spy in the U.S.A., he is not afraid to state: 'It is my view that the Nationalist Government in Formosa cannot hope to recapture China, and that the large commitment of U.S. resources in the Formosa adventure would not merely be wasteful, but would be of positive assistance to the Soviet Union because it would make it possible and perhaps inevitable for the Chinese Communists to invite increased participation of the Soviet Union'. One can easily imagine the fury of the famous China lobby when he reminds the committee 'that we cannot expect to succeed with little Chiang Kai-sheks where we failed with the big Chiang Kai-shek. But we are still supporting a little Chiang Kai-shek in South Korea and have since taken on another one in Indo-China'. The Committee had to clear Professor Lattimore. Gradually all the 'serious charges' had to be dropped, and finally the accusers had to satisfy themselves with hints that Professor Lattimore, even if he had never been a communist, had a lot of communist or at least 'Leftist' contacts; but this does not prevent the witch-hunters from continuing with their smear campaign which goes lustily on.

Professor Lattimore's book consists mainly of the report of the proceedings of the Senatorial Committee and of a vivid and moving story of his and his wife's experiences when what the publishers call rather euphemistically the 'substantial charge' was thrown at them. The unbiased reader will have no difficulty in forming his opinion of the McCarthy charges; but many who are not familiar with the 'atmosphere of moral squalor and downright nastiness which surrounds the current goings-on on Capitol Hill', as Mr. Stewart Alsop put it in his now famous article in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, 'McCarthy Past and Present', will be shocked at the methods of investigation where the accuser and his witnesses are allowed unrestricted liberty, where rules of evidence do not exist, whilst the accused is denied the right of cross-examination. Thus the now celebrated ex-editor of the *New York Daily Worker*, Budenz, a man 'who turned a sordid past into a lucrative present', can for two days go on smearing people. Not only are Dr. Lattimore and his counsel prevented from cross-examining

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him, but it was clear, says our author, that 'the Senators were afraid of tangling with a man with Budenz' politically influential backing'. And here we come to the basic question which begins to worry many people in and out of the U.S.A. How is it possible that a man like McCarthy can influence public opinion and terrorise honest people, a man whom the Supreme Court of his own State found 'guilty of an infraction of moral code', for whom, in the words of the same judgment, 'no valid excuse or justification can be offered for his violation of the oath he took . . . as a circuit judge'? Professor Lattimore says that 'unless we see to it that persecution by denunciation is not allowed to happen here, we shall soon find that the Bill of Rights is a monument to the past rather than a bulwark against present evils'. By telling us of his experiences he has rendered an important service to values which even the powerful alliance of 'ex-Communists, and profascists, American Firsters, anti-Semites, Coughlinites and similar fringes of the political underworld' will not be able to destroy.

Townsmen's Food. By Magnus Pyke.

Turnstile Press. 15s.

The war and its economic results have greatly affected our attitude to food. The gourmet who once held the field must have lost heart. To counterbalance this, many people are developing an intellectual interest in and a critical attitude towards available food. The man who has been most stimulated to action, however, has been the food processor, and owing partly to his energy and skill, and partly to the pressing need for food of any kind, the position now is that almost every food receives his attention before consumers get it. In this lucrative work he has brought us many benefits, real and so-called; bread is more 'tender' and does not stale so quickly, ice-cream of a kind is more abundant, fruit and vegetables can be obtained dried or frozen, mixtures that simulate jam are abundant, and margarine is almost as palatable as butter. These and many other benefits have been brought to the public notice in this book. It is most attractively written and gives an excellent account of many of the technical processes to which various foodstuffs are subjected.

The author has had a chemical training and he has also been a scientific officer in the Ministry of Food during these hard times. The result is that while the technical side of the subject is well described, its physiological and medical importance receives but little emphasis. Since the main purpose of food is to bring about good physique and health, and only secondarily to be a source of enjoyment, it is obvious that the physiological aspect of the subject ought to receive special attention. The health point of view ought also to be a dominant factor in the minds of those who introduce unnatural chemicals into food. The law of the country does not encourage this approach, for the food technologist, who is usually a chemist with no knowledge of the human body, is allowed to add to food any chemical not known to be harmful. Since medical knowledge of substances unnatural to the body is both meagre and difficult to obtain, it is not surprising that some of these processing compounds which have been in use for many years have ultimately proved to be harmful. Their use is usually then stopped by government intervention but clearly not soon enough. The magnitude of this problem of public health is greater than realised. The Delaney Committee appointed in 1949 by the U.S.A. senate to enquire into food manipulation has stated that over 704 unnatural chemical substances are being used in food processing, and of these about 276 are still not known to be harmless. It is indeed apparent from the

reports of this Committee that the public and the government of the U.S.A. are greatly roused at the present potential danger to health since the average citizen is absorbing continuously into his body many untested chemicals in foods, drugs and cosmetics.

Apart from possible poisoning action there is the further question of the loss of food value by the removal and dilution of essential components as in the preparation of white flour by machinery and bleaching agents, in the blowing up of bread with air by 'improvers', in the substitution of sugar by sweetening agents and of fat by 'fat extenders'. It looks as if the Utopia of the food processor and the glutton is approaching when the consumer will be able to eat all day, if he so wishes, and still remain slim. Magnus Pyke points out that the new preservatives, emulsifiers, colouring agents, flavours, flour improvers, anti-staling agents, sweetening agents, anti-oxidants and antiseptics in use are not all harmless, but when there is good evidence of the usefulness and safety of any of them, we should be foolish to refuse to use them. This will be agreed, but it is time that somebody, either the State or the food-processing firms, accepted the responsibility of guaranteeing that the chemicals are harmless before and not after they are pushed down our throats. The consumer must indeed be protected against his curious and wrong instincts, especially now that, when he is ill, the country has to keep him. Without doubt, the book, of its kind, is very good, useful and readable.

Prehistoric Europe: the Economic Basis

By J. G. D. Clark. Methuen. 60s.

This new interpretation of the rather sordid remains left by our prehistoric forerunners and ancestors discloses a fascinating picture of the occupations and activities of Europe's inhabitants 2,000 to 20,000 years ago. For Dr. Clark prehistory is not pseudo-political history, but economic history. His theme is not the migrations and interplay of peoples, identified with archaeologists' 'cultures', but the interaction of human societies with the non-human environment, through culture, which is not only an adaptation to the environment, but also increasingly an adaptation of the environment. Unlike the bodily adaptations of animal species, human societies' cultural adaptations can fit men to survive in almost any environment. Still this potentiality could only be realised when men had accumulated very substantial reserves of cultural capital. Clark's story opens 20,000 years ago when the environment still exercised a dominant moulding force; it closes with the first great triumph of culture over environment—the Roman Empire in the west.

Botanists, geologists and other natural scientists have by now assembled material for a quite precise and lively picture of the natural landscape of Europe as it appeared at various times within the last two hundred centuries; during the last decade they have come to recognise changes wrought in the scene since the first Stone Age farmers began to clear tiny patches in the continuous forest for corn-plots and pastures. The culture—not just the appliances but the activities—by which adjustments were achieved can be reconstructed and revived, despite inevitable gaps in the archaeological record, by reference to immemorial practices, still observable in corners of Europe that have escaped industrialisation, or described by medieval writers. Clark's familiarity with and judicious use of such sources allow the reader to see in action appliances that may be familiar as museum exhibits and to imagine confidently other procedures for which there can hardly be any direct archaeological evidence.

Since the end of the ice age our continent has

been divided into three contrasted zones: the circumpolar zone of tundras and birch and pine forests; the temperate belt of deciduous forest; and the Mediterranean area of evergreens. A distinctive form of urban life had been established as a durable adjustment to the last-named environment about 2500 B.C. 'It needed all the power of Rome to break through the boundaries established by ecology and to incorporate within the sphere of the Empire a substantial area of deciduous forest' establishing replicas of the Mediterranean city in England and western Germany. The neolithic economy based on wheat, sheep and cattle, though evolved in Mediterranean or even sub-tropical climes, did penetrate the deciduous forests and gradually transformed them. But only one neolithic culture preserved its archaeological personality intact on both sides of the ecological frontier and that only in a corner of the temperate zone. Neolithic farming never did invade the circumpolar zone. Clark's map shows graphically how closely the northern limit of farming followed that of the deciduous forest.

Beyond it had been achieved perfect adjustments based on hunting, fowling, fishing and collecting. Their rudiments had already emerged in France and southern England when similar conditions had ruled there during the ice age. The description of this adjustment and its development is enlivened with a wealth of striking details based upon an exhaustive examination of the archaeological documents supplemented by ethnographic parallels and the observations of naturalists. So we can reasonably deduce how ice age hunters caught ptarmigans in France and recapture the seasonal rhythm of Magdalenian life between the shelter of the caves and the reindeers' summer grazing grounds. We are even allowed glimpses into the obscurities of ideology. It must have been a belief in sympathetic magic that impelled palaeolithic reindeer-hunters to use reindeer antlers for harpoon heads and mesolithic sealers to use seal bones. Somesolithic hunters caught eagles, doubtless to use their tail-feathers for fletching arrows, but surely too for the magic virtue inhering in the lord of birds, as otherwise goose-feathers would have been just as good.

The techniques of the earliest European farmers can be recovered in detail, and their rural economy is described with confidence. But to exploit a continent covered with primeval forest farmers needed, besides sheep and grain, axes—lots of axes of suitable material. So Clark proceeds logically to the mining of flint and the quarrying of the tougher kinds of rock, then to the distribution of the products—trade—and finally to the spread of metallurgy which provided the most economical material for tree-felling. The outlines are filled in by a full account of other crafts, generally ignored by the text-books and poorly represented in the archaeological record. By diligently collecting the rare specimens of carpentry, leather-work, basketry and textiles that have survived, by rescuing from obscure cellars objects hitherto labelled 'of unknown use' and reinterpreting them in the light of living folk-tradition, the author has filled many blanks in the archaeological record. Excellent photographs of mesolithic wicker fish-traps, bark containers, stone adzes in their wooden handles, and so on, often juxtaposed to specimens of recent peasant workmanship, help the reader to visualise the equipment that enabled the pioneer colonists of Europe to survive in, and eventually to tame, the continent's challenging environment. Never before have the material conditions of life in western and northern Europe been so concretely and vividly presented. The wealth of detail that gives verisimilitude to the picture will not confuse the general reader, but constitutes a quarry of precious information for the author's professional colleagues.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Good Show ! (Tray Bong !)

HOW GALLING IT MUST BE for those who have spent themselves on this Gallic week to have their efforts received with cries of 'So what?' ('*Et alors?*'). My own reaction is represented by the title at the head of what in the circumstances must rate as a rather mixed review of the week's wonders. But let me say that I am not at all inured to the miracle of finding myself quite suddenly at the bottom end of the Avenue Jean Jaurès during the *apéritif* hour. If you tell me that this is no more wonderful than suddenly visiting Sauchiehall Street at closing time, that indeed the latter experience would be the more astonishing and difficult, I am foxed logically; but I shall still continue under my breath to mutter about magic carpets and other such platitudes. Perhaps these things are not so marvellous to a Comet-minded generation; for fogies, the sea still seems a formidable barrier; and the transit very marvellous. I thought of poor Bérénice '*Que tant de mers me séparent de vous*'. But Racine is perhaps 'old hat', especially in these days when it is quicker to reach Paris by air than to take a bus down Oxford Street.

True, the start was a catastrophe (*catastrophe*); so bad that one even suspected the people responsible of playing us the old troupier's dodge of muffing the trick the first time, to make the audience see how hard it really is. There were painful moments; but when at last we got through, it was really not at all bad—a cabaret, seen largely through the backs of the scene shifters, and full of confusion—talk about us English 'muddling through'—and all taking place in the Eiffel

Tower, name of a name! As if, on inviting French guests to London, one had thoughtfully arranged for them to spend their first evening in that cultural counterpart, the roof gardens of Derry and Toms!

We saw a slightly fussy ballet, Jean Sablon grinning and Robert Lamouret with his dear duck, nearly



Cabaret from Paris, as seen by viewers during the Franco-British television week: left, at Pigalle's; right, Jean Sablon, the French singer, at the Eiffel Tower
John Cura



Consuelo Carmona in 'El Amor Brujo' on July 11



Ruth Draper, in her television programme of June 30

as clearly as if they were at the Hippodrome round the corner. There was also a Mammerselle Whatsit—could not catch her name—who swung out in the rain on a trapeze high above the fog-bound Ville Lumière—very much some people's idea of how life is conducted in that impossible city *all* the time. I could have done with less of the Anglo-French chit-chat around the tables, though, and perhaps there has been rather too much night-clubbery altogether in the scheme.

However people vary about these things. The refined young English lady who, on seeing a film about Robespierre, announced, 'Well, if *that's* the way they carry on in France, I'm glad I'm not spending my holidays there', was probably quite well catered for (meaning she was given a true and comprehensive idea of what Paris stands for). Reputations die hard and it would have been unfair to leave out the night club element, though Paris is today certainly a more prudish, well behaved and hardworking city than London, the existentialist cellars and so on being for the most part quite un-French in

clientèle and origin. For those who think of Paris (as perhaps I do myself) chiefly in terms of classical acting, modern painting, and gastronomy, there was a certain incompleteness, though perhaps these things were difficult to exhibit. We did, however, have a look round the Louvre, one of the better factual programmes which will be referred to again next week, and though there was the disappointment of not seeing the Winged Victory, there was always Mr. Dimpleby instead (not that these two monuments are, as it were, exactly interchangeable). For those, too, who imagined that Paris was all *les p'tites femmes*, (as at La Nouvelle Eve where the Old Adam was well looked after) there was also the surprise of discovering that Paris, like all France, is sport-mad in a way which makes old England look like a kindergarten: *les grands hommes*, ceaselessly 'in-training themselves' and leaping over vaulting horses, made up one of the longest sequences of our tour. To go to Paris to see a team of *gendarme* athletes might give some new ideas to those who devise the Parisian sketches in those 'Paris Revues'

which scarify our provincial towns. *Formidable!*

Talking of the police, 'Pilgrim Street' has now come to an end, neither quite documentary nor drama (and so falling between two stools in this column); excellent in many ways. Yet I wonder if we are not in danger of sentimentalising our police too much; almost as if they were as human as those pandas and lion cubs at the Zoo which send the public into such sighing ecstasies until some people must think all wild life is 'really too too sweet'.

'The Nantucket Legend' was fairly amusing in a slow, false-folksy way; 'The Late Christopher Bean', a splendid play—originally French, by the way—deserved rather better doing. In ballet, 'El Amor Brujo' scored a distinct success, as I have noted before, Spanish dancing suits television, the reason being easily understood if you reflect that a Spaniard dancing in a room is perfectly feasible, while a ballerina cavorting among the furniture is a monstrosity, needing the decency of distance for her effect. Besides, lack of colour matters less in a piece like this. It was well managed. A final word, and one of

warning; Ruth Draper, a great artist whom I revere, came a real cropper. Her wondrous art is to people an empty stage. Merely to watch Miss Draper in close-up was as nearly as could be meaningful.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

High Summer

I HAVE NEVER DISCOVERED the origin of the lines,

Sword on scimitar,

Blade on blade,

Foray, advance, and ambushade . . .

but the fragment, whenever I recall it, summons a first reading of *The Talisman* under a tamarisk hedge a very long way from Abbotsford. That reading was on a Sunday in high summer. Very properly (I feel) the Home Service has just done a Mabel Constanduros version of the book on three June and July Sundays. This is summer reading and listening: swords on scimitars, gorgeous tushery, 'clash-and-clamour of Christ's Crusade', Scott writing with a boyish delight in ringing word and ringing deed, and also telling a story so well that he makes the way plain for his adaptor to express it on the air.

Miss Constanduros did much of *The Talisman* with evident relish, and at a hurtling pace. We were never brought up by such a sentence as "An accident", said King Richard (probably alluding to the circumstance of his applying his lips to the wound of the supposed Nubian) . . . We had with effect examples of Scott's pleasure in disguise and revelation (which we can trace through his work from the narrative poems), the disclosure of El Hakim as Saladin himself, and of Sir Kenneth of the Couching Leopard as David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland. Where I think Miss Constanduros failed was with the women. Neither she nor the actresses had much hope; but Berengaria, surveying the combat at the Diamond of the Desert, need not have sounded so much like a watcher on the Centre Court at Wimbledon: 'Both are fine men, handsome and well-made, you know'. And we could have spared a last two minutes when the lovers appeared to be exceedingly uncomfortable. There was little trouble elsewhere. William Devlin as King Richard was noble without being grandiloquent; and the producer (Hugh Stewart) drove matters forward at a good speed. I liked the sound effect when Saladin, a masterful fellow, struck off the head of the Grand Master of the Templars who has killed Conrad of Monserrat. It impressed me so much that in one mind at least Henry Oscar must always be a ghost, carrying his head beneath his arm.

Concert parties, like *The Talisman*, go with high summer. The Crusaders had only Blondel. In 'Summer Showtime' (Light) we were taken to the good companionships of Bexhill and Eastbourne, and allowed almost to feel the sand between our toes and to watch the sea through cracks in the pier planking. The tunes and the jokes are unchanging. Bunny Doyle, a suitably buttonholing comedian, said that as he came off the boat someone shouted 'Little man, you've had a dizzy bay'. Another comedian called, surprisingly, Freddie Frinton, sang a ballad with the burden, 'When a fairy's feet is flat she's finished'. Sandy Powell announced that they had their wife's mother staying with them. What with this and with that, I found Hampstead suddenly charged with ozone and all the lighthouses ready to twinkle on that long sad coast between Golders Green and Belsize Park. I repeat, high-summer listening: nothing in it for a wild December.

Back now to the serials: to Wilkie Collins' 'No Name' (Home) in which the plot is thickening slowly. This might do at any season, though it goes well enough in a summer twilight, with Captain Wragge, oiled along by Felix Felton, exclaiming 'Deep girl! Devilish deep girl!', and observing: 'I have the cooking of the accounts. She shall not fill her pockets too rapidly'. The play is not very rapid. Still, we shall see in Episode Six what Magdalen does as that 'elderly preceptress', Miss Garth. Isabel Dean speaks her with firmness and spirit.

Two full-length plays of the week called for concentration. 'The Nameless One of Europe' (Home), by James Forsyth, revived from last year, staged again its duel between Old World and New, with Yvonne Mitchell extremely poignant as the girl. And as for Priestley's absorbing 'I Have Been Here Before' (Home), ably revived—in spite of some vocal monotony—we had to get down here to serious thought on the theory of Circular Time. Marius Goring's Dr. Görtler came out best. Deep, devilish deep!

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Poetry and Humour

READING A POEM for the first time, unless it is a transparently simple one, is no sinecure; on the contrary it is hard work, and often a poem must be read again and again before its various elements can be appreciated and it can at last be enjoyed. Evidently, then, to listen to such a poem is a still more laborious business, for there is no pausing, glancing back, reviewing of obscure passages. The reader blazes relentlessly ahead and you must jump the obstacles and follow him if you can. It is like trying to catch a bus that is travelling faster than you can run: the result is that you do not catch it. At worst it leaves you hopelessly in the rear in the first hundred yards and you may as well give it up; at best you keep it well within sight, but you never board it.

It was in this style that I galloped after Cecil Day Lewis while he read W. R. Rodgers' recently-published narrative poem, 'Europa and the Bull'. I galloped for the entire thirty-five minutes and reached the terminus extremely exhausted, but extremely impressed. Mr. Lewis must have prepared his reading with infinite care, since rhythm, rhymes and sense were equally given their full value. It was, in fact, a faultless performance. The poem, at first acquaintance, strikes me as a very fine thing both in detail and as a whole. It is full of brilliant imagery and it moves forward under full sail, scattering fresh and vivid metaphors and similes by the way so that the listener is constantly tempted, like Atalanta in an earlier race, to lag behind and pick them up.

It would have been a pretty piece of planning if the Third Programme had given us Ludwig Koch's sound picture 'Sea Birds' immediately after, instead of two hours before, this strenuous and dazzling experience. What could have been more soothing to tired brain and heated imagination than the liquid rattle of shingle and the wallowing of water among rocks, interspersed with the plaintive, reedy and sometimes raucous utterances of sea-birds audibly hovering about us? But, even as it was, these deliciously inhuman sounds swept the mind clean of petty preoccupations and so prepared a properly receptive mood for the poem.

A shorter and much less strenuous effort is demanded of the listener to Bertrand Russell's vigorous 'Portraits from Memory'. He is blessed with the power to make everything he talks about interesting and enjoyable. Yet not all his themes bring into play his human kind-

ness and his sharp and impish humour. But in these bold sketch portraits, the second of which depicted Lord Keynes and Lytton Strachey, there is full scope for both. As a Victorian, Lord Russell had little respect for the B'oomsbury group, to which his juniors Keynes and Strachey belonged in Edwardian days, who indulged in 'fine shades' and mutual admiration. Keynes, he remarked tartly, soon escaped from this stuffy school-girl atmosphere, but Lytton never. Tersely and vigorously he sketched in the virtues and failings of each. He had a great admiration and respect for Keynes; intellectual arrogance was, I think, the only failing he taxed him with; but he was uncompromising in his criticism of Strachey as a historian and the impression he gave of the man himself was outrageously—not to say diabolically—funny. But Lytton Strachey, after all, had been funny at much greater length in his treatment of the earlier Victorians, and so it was only poetical justice that Lord Russell, himself a Victorian eight years Strachey's senior, should arise and be funnier still at his expense. None the less, he paid a handsome tribute to his victim's own gifts as a humorist when he told how, on reading *Eminent Victorians* when languishing for a while in gaol, he laughed so loudly that the warder was compelled to look in and explain that such behaviour in such a place was unseemly.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Opera from Glyndebourne

THE MOST INTERESTING experience of the week was to listen at home to the two operas from Glyndebourne, which I had seen a day or two before in Mr. Christie's theatre. Impressive as Dorothy Dow's Lady Macbeth was face to face, her performance aroused even greater admiration when heard, as it were, in a vacuum. For Miss Dow does everything with her voice, which ranges from a dusky and ominous lower register (exactly what Verdi expressly demanded for the part) to a high soprano capable of reaching a *pianissimo* D flat. In the theatre the trouble was that, like Mme. Tadolini, whom Verdi considered unsuited to the part, Miss Dow 'has a pretty face and looks good, whereas Lady Macbeth should be ugly and wicked'. Indeed, until the sleep-walking scene, of which she gave a horrifyingly macabre performance but without the melting touches of pathos that made Margherita Grandi's singing of it so intensely moving, Miss Dow did not begin to look like a Lady Macbeth. This conflict between singer and character was sufficiently distracting to make one underrate her performance. On the evidence of last week's broadcast I should have said that Miss Dow came as near as possible to Verdi's idea of how the character should be sung. Above all, it had enormous vitality and so did full justice to the bounding energy of Verdi's music.

Something of the same criticism applies also to Marko Rothmüller's Macbeth, who bore no resemblance whatever to any Gothic chieftain but remained a round, black-a-vised Verdi baritone. Vocally Rothmüller gave, as one would expect, a first-rate performance though he did not always subdue his tone to the *sotto voce* and *cupo* quality so often demanded by Verdi. Like Miss Dow he managed to project the character over the air by means of his voice, and it was no fault of his that Macbeth fades out as a personality after his wife's death. Even Shakespeare only holds us at that stage with the magic of his poetry, and Verdi gives us here no musical equivalent for Macbeth's musing upon mortality.

Vittorio Gui conducted the performance and also those of Rossini's 'La Cenerentola', so their general excellence was not surprising. What

particularly delighted the listener at home was the accuracy and delicacy of detail in the orchestral playing—for instance, in the banquet-scene in 'Macbeth' (where the wood-wind especially distinguished themselves) and *passim* in Rossini's opera. This charming and civilised entertainment, though it suffered (as every *opera buffa* does) severely from the isolation of the music from the action, stood up better to the broadcast than I had expected. There is more substance in the music than a hearing in the theatre suggested, and the high quality of the

singing, especially by Marina de Gabarain, whose Cinderella was charming and really moving, Juan Oncina, an accomplished tenor with a beautiful voice, and Sesto Bruscantini, who is one of the best *buffo* baritones we have heard for a long while. And let me not forget the chorus, who have an important part to play in *Macbeth* and sang magnificently in the great ensembles.

The witches, however, were not always together in their spell-binding and sounded too like English ladies to produce any baleful effect.

Dr. Carner made one of his too rare appearances at the conductor's desk, when he directed the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a highly sophisticated programme. I cannot pretend to have enjoyed either Schönberg's Chamber Symphony or Stravinsky's crabbed First Piano Concerto, but that need not detract from one's admiration of the lucidity with which they were presented. Enjoyment could join admiration for the performance of Mozart's Symphony in C major (K.338).

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Music of Benjamin Frankel

By COLIN MASON

Frankel's Clarinet Trio will be broadcast at 6.55 p.m. on Tuesday, July 22 (Third)

MUCH of the music of Benjamin Frankel must have been heard by many who have never consciously listened to him. For many years he has been one of the most prolific and successful composers of film music in this country, and has been responsible for the scores for many of the best and most popular British films of recent years—'The Importance of Being Earnest', 'The Man in the White Suit', 'The Chiltern Hundreds', 'The Seventh Veil', and 'Give Us This Day', among some forty others.

He was born in 1906, and acquired his musical training only with a hard struggle. He learned the violin as a boy, but was not able to take up music seriously, and on leaving school was apprenticed to the watchmaking trade. During the period of inflation after the first world war, when a little English money went a long way, he managed to spend some months in Germany studying the piano, and on his return to England continued his studies in London, with the aid of a scholarship, paying the rest of his way by teaching and playing the violin and piano, chiefly in night clubs and cafés. After a few years he graduated to the orchestration and conducting of west end musicals, and then to film scores. Since 1944 he has given up theatre work, but continues to write film scores, and is an asset to British studios such as most others, from Hollywood to Moscow, have reason to envy.

Since film music has absorbed so great a part of Frankel's creative activity, and has had an indirect effect on his other music, it is worth some consideration in any study of his work. Writing for films is mainly a job to allow him to write works for the concert hall, but he has consistently refused to put anything less than his best into this 'commercial' work. His success lies in the rare combination of slick professionalism, a knowledge of all the technical tricks of the trade and a complete adaptability, taught him by his years of training as a jazz player and in the theatre, with a fastidious artistic sensibility which he never allowed those years to blunt. He can be popular and gay without vulgarity, sad without sentimentality, threatening, dramatic or tragic without bombast or melodrama, and at the same time is always able to keep the music in its proper place, as the servant, but self-respecting servant, of the camera and script, so that it makes a real contribution to the dramatic effect of the film, and to the cinema-goer's pleasure, without his becoming aware of it as music or being distracted by it from the screen or the dialogue. Some memorable examples of this art of being there without being too much in the picture are the humorous comments in the music on what is left unsaid in the dialogue in 'The Chiltern Hundreds',

the gurgling of the famous apparatus in 'The Man in the White Suit' and the ominous opening music of 'Give Us This Day'—all fairly exposed moments for the music, which is alone with the camera. Many people who saw these films may remember having registered pleasure or excitement at these moments without having given the composer a thought—and that is the essence of his success.

Frankel's other music shows an entirely different character, or rather the other side of his character. The music for films has in general to be rather impersonal, and it is almost inevitable that in his concert works he should swing very far in the opposite direction, giving expression almost exclusively to personal feelings, and that many of these works should be emotionally very highly charged. This tendency is not by any means confined to Frankel. Although there are many modern symphonies that may be compared, in aspiration at least, with Beethoven's Fifth, there are very few that suggest similar comparison with the Eighth. This limitation of expressive range is a prominent characteristic of modern music in general, and is found in some degree in many major composers, very markedly in some. Its cause is only partly a matter of outlook. There is also involved a considerable technical problem; arising from the rejection or undermining of tonality, a problem which faces every modern composer, and which is touched on by Schönberg in an essay in his book *Style and Idea*, where he describes how his first 'atonal' composition, after the extreme extension and final abandonment of the main principles of tonal harmonic structure, were very short and intensely expressive pieces, and says with what difficulty he and his disciples learned to construct larger works in the new harmonic style.

The impulse of Frankel's music is mainly harmonic, and his temperamental predilections lead him naturally, even in his largest works, to such a sustainedly intense expressive style. He does not reject tonality, and indeed tonal principles underlie all his musical thinking, but often he merely uses the isolated units of tonal harmony without regard for tonal functions, using common chords ambiguously, or in non-tonal succession, with added dissonances or against conflicting notes in the melody or bass, in progressions of which the aim is not to let the tension drop, by keeping a rather high level of, not too harsh chromatic dissonance or false relation fairly constant from step to step, with the effect of keeping the music on tip-toe from step to step.

This kind of procedure, and the kind of emotional expression of which it is a natural vehicle, are well exemplified in the splendid Violin Concerto (1951), Frankel's most ambi-

tious work so far, tragic in character, inscribed 'in memory of "the six million"'. Similar technical and emotional characteristics also prevail in his chamber music, which includes four string quartets, by which he is perhaps best known, as well as a String Trio and the Trio for clarinet, 'cello and piano which is to be played next week, and in his song-cycle with orchestra, 'The Aftermath' (1947). These characteristics have generally become more marked in his later music than in his earlier. In the String Quartet No. 1, for instance, there are harmonically sterner, less plaintive, and texturally grittier passages; of a harder, more athletic, less sensuous vitality than are to be found in most of the later music. Nevertheless there are various echoes of this earlier character in the more recent 'Sonatina Leggiera', the Novelette for violin and piano, and the String Quartet No. 3, all of which have some refreshingly impersonal pages. The latest String Quartet, No. 4, although melancholy in general mood, is more poised, more subdued and resigned, more positive and lyrical, less rhetorically pessimistic, than other works in this vein. And the latest works include a gay orchestral prelude 'May Day' to set beside the very emotional Violin Concerto.

Now Frankel is working on a Symphony—in effect his first-work in this form, two earlier attempts having been discarded before completion. After the climax of the Violin Concerto, this may well reverse the general recent trend of his music. He has said that he finds himself almost irresistibly drawn towards tragic works, but it must be remembered that in putting his best into film music he has so far found an outlet for all that he wishes to express in other moods, or for any more objective expression. If even a small proportion of his film music could be preserved for concert use, as much of it deserves to be, his work would show an entirely different emotional balance. His concert works during the last few years have established him among the leading English composers of his generation, but they do not show his full emotional or technical range, which, seen in his output as a whole, suggests possibilities of a still more considerable symphonic achievement in the future.

A new work of reference for those interested in music comes from Sedgwick and Jackson, in association with the Decca Record Company. This is *The World's Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music*, by Francis F. Clough and G. J. Cuming. This unique catalogue of 900 pages includes all electrically recorded music of interest, both obtainable and deleted, from every record-producing country in the world, as well as notable pre-electrical recordings. The price of the *Encyclopaedia* is five guineas.

For the Housewife

Spotlight on a Well Dressed Woman

By PHYLLIS DIGBY MORTON

MADeline is an elderly Frenchwoman, who has been a lady's maid all her life, and she delights in sending my American friend out every day looking as if she had stepped straight out of a band-box. I learnt a lot of tips in self-maiding from Madeline that I did not know before. For instance, I bought a brown leather handbag in a Paris store, and then and there had my old bag put in a parcel, and walked out proudly swinging my new one—straight into a shower of rain. When I got home, to my dismay I found that my new bag was covered with rain spots that no rubbing would move. Madeline scolded me for being so impatient: new leather bags, shoes and even waist belts should be treated before they are used or worn with the same wax that is used on a car. This prevents any marking or bruising of the leather. It does not polish it: you have to do that afterwards with a little white or coloured polishing cream.

I like wearing white cotton gloves in the summer, but I must say I have always found them a nuisance to keep clean until I saw Madeline with them on her hands as she washed out a white blouse for me. So now I put on my dirty gloves to wash through my stockings or undies. To keep white cotton gloves white always give them a final rinse in soapy water and leave the soap in. Coloured cotton gloves should be rinsed in clear water to which you have added a few drops of vinegar; and if you run just a warm iron over your cotton and your wash-leather gloves when they are still a little damp and are actually on your hands, they really look brand new. And finally if you want to pack white gloves away at the end of the summer, dip an old pillow-case in blue

water deeper than that you use for handkerchiefs, and pop the gloves away in this. Actually this is an excellent tip for packing away any white clothes as it keeps them from discolouring.

I am not very expert at pressing my clothes, especially coats and skirts, so I was very relieved to be told that too much pressing takes the life out of fabrics, and that it is hardly ever necessary if you shake your dress or suit well when you take it off, and hang it carefully on a hanger with all the buttons and zips done up: this is most important because it pulls the garment back into its proper shape and prevents any creases setting. It should then be left hanging outside the wardrobe for half an hour so that it can air. Fabrics collect the smell of smoke and dust and dirt, and if put straight into a cupboard, make the rest of your clothes smell musty too.

I expect you all know that velvet, velveteen and suede come up like new, if you brush them lightly and then hold them for a few minutes in the steam from a kettle. But did you know that the very finest grained sand-paper rubbed lightly over suede, even when it is looking as shiny and as old as a bald head, will give it another lease of life?

And here are some other easy tricks I learnt. Any jewellery, real or artificial, comes up sparkling, if you polish it gently with one or two of those tissues sold to clean the glass in spectacles. Even the most bedraggled hat veils crisp up, if you put them on a piece of thick cloth, damp them lightly with surgical spirit and press very lightly with a warm iron. And artificial flowers clean and freshen up beautifully if you swish them round quickly once or twice in cleansing fluid.

But perhaps the nicest trick I learnt from Madeline shows the true thrift of a Frenchwoman. Perfume is expensive and not easy to pack, so when her mistress travels she always sprinkles the layers of tissue paper she uses for packing with a few drops of perfume. Madeline uses this same perfumed paper over and over again. It ends its life stuffing out the crowns of hats or the toes of shoes.—*Light Programme*

Notes on Contributors

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Crossword No. 1,159.

Last Lines—II.

By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 24

Some of the clues are last lines of stanzas or of poems. The lights for these are the names of the authors of the poems. If the name of the author of a last line is added, or indicated by reference to another clue, the light is then

a word in the first line of the poem. A few of the poets quoted are American. The other clues are normal. Punctuation in abbreviations forming parts of lights is to be ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. 'In hearts at peace, under an English heaven' (6).
5. 'Or when my sorrow end' (6).
9. Take off somewhat early (5).
10. Ancient city inhabitant has quills (5).
12. 'Heap earth upon it' (5).
13. 'That stand upon the threshold of the New' (Waller) (3).
14. Pearl's mother can back 'Sapper' (5).
15. 'The opinion one man entertains of another' (Palmerston) (5).
17. 'Spring! the sweet Spring' (4).
- 19B. 'And burn thee up, as well as I' (Herrick) (4).
20. 'All earth and air seem only burning fire' (9).
21. 'About the Holy Sepulchre' (8).
23. 'Who seals his farewell with a bleeding heart' (King) (4).
28. Flower, found in the vicar's meadow, headless and bent (4).
30. 'Dear God! a little longer, ah, not yet' (5).
32. Fibre rope that is tied on to a broken arm (5).
34. 'This hidden tide of tears' (21) (3).
35. In a way, the Royal Navy has just what Jock needs to learn (5).
36. 'The dead must rest, the dead shall rest' (4).
37. Greek letter, carelessly addressed to a comedian (5).
38. 'From her own loved island of sorrow' (5).
39. 'Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth' (6).
40. 'And both alas! take flight' (6).

DOWN

1. 'And what Thou art may never be destroy'd' (6).
2. A spasm, with a cry of pain, pertaining to 34 (4).
3. 'Hymettus and the hills of Hellas rise' (5).
4. In nasty spite the old expressions appear (5).
5. Dipped by itself, and we were glad at heart (20) (4).
- 6U. 'Do all their dainty colours —, And not a leaf is seen' (Breton) (5).

7. 'And no more Spring' (5).
8. 'Because they see me gazing where thou art' (6).
11. 'Sweet lovers love the Spring' (Shakespeare) (4).
15. 'May toss him to My breast' (Herbert) (3).
16. By a river, she's 'Arry's 'cup o' tea' (5).
17. Common informers (5).
18. There's a bent nail, but this kind of evidence is provided by a gull (8).
21. 'And point with taper spire to heaven' (6).
22. 'For eye unsought for slept among his ashes cold' (Keats) (3).
24. Shakespeare's ramble starts with an awful risk (5).
25. 'And all your godlike, summer-time!' (5).
26. Coon with a shepherd's pipe in the Channel Islands (5).
27. 'This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir' (Poe) (5).
29. 'For being born, or, being born, to die' (5).
31. 'We frolic while 'tis May' (4).
33. 'And in mine arms, clasped, like a child in tears' (A. Meynell) (4).

Solution of No. 1,157

Prizewinners:

1st prize: A. F. Toms (London, S.W.19); 2nd prize: Mrs. N. G. Holdsworth (Holford, Notts); 3rd prize: E. C. Hunt (Gt. Yarmouth)

S	T	E	R	N	E	C	H	E	S		
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E	T	H	I	L	O	R	E	L	N	O	I
S	E	E	D	S	P	E	L	T	I	G	U

NOTES

The sixteen abnormal lights were: Across: 1. S(AUT)ERNE. 6. B(R)EECHES. 15. S(P)LICE. 30. T(OOT)LE(S). 44. S(A)SIN. 45. G(A)LO)SH. 46. S(L)O)UCH. 52B. L(E)S)ION. 53. S(C)R)ED. Down: 1. S(T)RICKLE. 6. B(O)LET)US. 9. CLAS(P)S. 18. L(E)A(D). 29. G(L)OAM. 37. M(O)L)ASSES. 41. S(A)LUTE. 30. 'Peter Pan'. 44. Nis (=is not) as (rev.). 14D. Jacob =Israel (anag.). 29. Cloam=clay but loam is only part clay. 31. Erewhon Revisited. 47-51. Proverbs 27, 16.

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